

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 57—April 17, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

75,000 SHILLINGS FOR CHILDREN'S FUND

DOG CARRIES THE LIFE-LINE

THRILLING TALE OF A SHIP IN A STORM

Dumb Creature Saves 91 Grown- ups and a Baby

A correspondent from Newfoundland gives further thrilling details of the saving of 92 lives by a dog off the stormy coast of that dangerous island.

The boat, which ran on the rocks in the wildest weather, was old and small, and unfitted for open sea travel on wintry seas. She had accommodation for only fifty; but she carried 91 men and women, a baby, and a dog.

The dog was of a splendid breed, intelligent and brave. Though in size and appearance these dogs resemble a collie, they all have wolf blood in them.

In winter they are used to run sledges over the icy snow, and they are taught to obey a shouted command, like a well-trained sheep-dog.

They are almost as much at home in the sea as on the land, and when they are hungry they will dash into the water and catch cod for themselves.

Faithful Unto Death

With strangers some of them are savage and others are shy, but to those they know they are faithful to the death.

It was one of these dogs that was the only hope of 92 people, scarcely one of whom could swim, when the steamer Ethie ran on the rocks at Martin's Point in Newfoundland, and the waves began to break over her.

Her old boats were useless in such a sea. A line must be sent ashore, or all were doomed. And here comes the new facts of this story, which we gave briefly at the time. The line was fired from the ship, but fell short on a rock.

It was not the comparatively simple task of swimming ashore through the seething waves with a cord or rope tied round him that was set this dog. What his master had to explain to him was that he must swim to the rock, free the rope, and carry the end ashore.

Fight With the Waves

That was what the dog understood and actually did. Guided by the shouts of his master he battled his way to the rock, wrenched the rope free, and dragged it to where the fishermen, assembled on the shore, rushed forward to grasp it with willing hands.

And along the rope in a boatswain's chair the 91 grown-ups passed to safety, with one baby snug in a mailbag.

The correspondent who brings this more detailed account suggests that this noble rescuer of 92 lives, surely the most heroic adventurer in dog history, should never again be called on to tug at the traces of a sledge across the biting snows, but should be kept in honoured ease.

But would that satisfy the bold-hearted ambition of this faithful creature? Or would he hanker after other great tasks and victories?

A Little Victim of the Great War



One of the boys the C.N. Fund is helping—Gathering firewood in the starving capital

WIND IN A WHIRL

SUDDEN AND SWIFT DISASTER IN THE STATES

Trees, Houses, and Churches Torn Up

REMARKABLE SCENES

In this country we know nothing about tornadoes on a grand scale.

We know only little whisking whirlwinds that corkscrew their way along, picking up dust and refuse, and almost twitching us off our feet if we get right into their track. A tornado is the same kind of wind a hundred times as strong.

Several of them have lately been careering about the United States, whirling their way through eight of the 48 States, and doing great damage.

So violent is the behaviour of a tornado that it sets up a silence in its track by destroying telegraph posts and wires wholesale, and weeks may pass before all the news of its destruction can be heard of. What we know about these whirlwind storms is that they have killed hundreds and injured thousands of people, and destroyed at least two million pounds' worth of property.

Hurricane's Terrible Toll

It seems as if the twisting hurricane got its start in the West of America, and then travelled N.E. and S.E. from Missouri. The north-easterly branch began to be most terrible in the neighbourhood of Chicago, at Elgin to the S.W., and along the shores of Lake Superior, to the N.E. The south-easterly branch swept with greatest force through Alabama and Georgia, at Lagrange and neighbouring townships.

What did happen was that, after very stormy weather, the gale suddenly seemed to twist itself into a mighty whirlwind, about a mile-and-a-half wide, tearing at the earth's surface at a pace of 100 miles an hour, and carrying off or flinging over everything that could be lifted—trees, roofs of houses, and churches, motors and trains.

Towns Disappear

In this way a number of small towns were completely destroyed, for wooden houses were whisked away like waste paper in the street on a windy day.

The suddenness and swiftness of the onrush of the whirlwind was its most terrifying feature. A family sat round their table eating when, with a whiff, away went the roof.

A company was rehearsing a play at a theatre, when—puff—the roof was gone, and there was nothing left between the stage and the sky.

A thousand people had left a Presbyterian chapel at Elgin, near Chicago, when the roof fell in. Such scenes leave us glad that in our favoured country we know so little of tornadoes, but they should make us tender-hearted towards our fellow men who live where Nature sometimes acts as though with sudden passion.

CHILDREN'S SONG RINGS OVER LONDON

"Oranges and Lemons" has come to town. For a hundred years and more children have danced round, on village greens and in the streets, in every part of these islands, singing:

Oranges and lemons,

Say the bells of St. Clements;

though the bells have not said it. It was only somebody's fancy.

But now, at last, these generations of our singing children have conquered the bells, and the bells have accepted the lesson, and they are now actually ringing out the children's tune, the identical tripping melody of their voices.

The little tune of the old rhyme has been added to the chimes of the ancient church of St. Clement Dances in the London Strand, and they rang it out the other day, at a children's service, for the first time in history. It is pleasant to remember that Children's Newspaper readers helped to buy the new bells.

How came that rippling little lilt about oranges and lemons to travel all over the

land, to country places that never knew there was a St. Clement's in the heart of London? Did the words travel first and the tune follow, or were they passed along together?

Doubtless they went together, and went because they were so prettily wedded. We may be sure they went together, for they are the same everywhere. The words helped the tune and the tune the words, and away they spread, from one ring of village children to the next, long before the days when the schools took them up and made them a part of educative amusement.

The children welcomed them, kept them alive, handed them on, and they reverberated round and round, and now have echoed back, until they are rung forth from the bells whose fame they have been chanting through children's voices for hundreds of years. Once more we see it come true that a little child shall lead them, for a child's fancy has set this melody ringing daily over London.

HOW YOU SAVE DADDY'S TAXES

GOVERNMENT'S VALUE OF BOYS AND GIRLS

What the Income Tax is and How it Grows

WAGES OF OTHER DAYS

Of the national revenue, which is the money collected to run the country, one of the taxes brings in more than half the amount received from all other sources.

In the last year for which we have complete figures, ended March 31, 1918, the total amount received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was £707,234,565, and of this no less than £239,509,000 came from the Income Tax, the tax levied on salaries and business profits.

It is the most important of all taxes, and it is one in which boys and girls are particularly interested. If you are not more than 16, and your father's income is below a certain sum, he is let off part of his Income Tax for your sake.

The idea is that if a father is training up a boy or girl to be a good citizen, he should be encouraged and get certain relief and privileges over an unmarried man, who is fulfilling no such responsibility. A Committee has just recommended that the relief be increased, and this is interesting because it means that boys and girls are indirectly saving their fathers taxation.

Income Tax 500 Years Ago

It used to be said by distinguished writers on political economy that there was no tax anywhere so unfair as the English Income Tax, and there is no doubt that this used to be true; but much has been done of late years to give relief to thrifty people.

Most of the grown-up books say that the Income Tax was first imposed by Pitt in 1798, but this is not correct. The first Income Tax was levied by Henry VI. In those days the Speaker of the House of Commons was the Chancellor of the Exchequer and proposed new taxes, and in 1435 Speaker John Bowes, who was M.P. for Nottinghamshire, levied the first Income Tax on record.

All incomes of £5 a year up to £100 had to pay sixpence in the pound; incomes from £100 to £400 paid eightpence, and above £400 they paid 2s. So that the graduating of the income tax is no new principle, but is 500 years old.

When Wages Were 5d. a Day

Fifteen years later another Speaker made incomes of 20s. a year pay tax.

It may seem extraordinary that people earning less than fivepence a week should pay income tax, but money was worth much more in the old days.

That explains why, so late as the 17th century, people's annual incomes were as small as shown in this table.

Knight . . .	£650	Shopkeeper . . .	£45
Gentleman . . .	£280	Farmer . . .	£42
Lawyer . . .	£154	Labourer . . .	£5

The Income Tax was never popular, and it dropped out till 1798, when Pitt revived it to carry on the war with France. Incomes of £60 a year and more had to pay. Parliament agreed, but it was so ashamed of the tax that when Peace came, in 1815, it not only abolished the tax, but actually ordered all the documents relating to it to be destroyed!

In 1842 Sir Robert Peel re-imposed the Income Tax, but people hated it, and in 1848 there were riots in Trafalgar Square. It had, however, come to stay.

With the tax 6s. in the £ on certain incomes today, the tax-payer may well wonder when he reads that it was only 2d. in the £ in 1874. At present an extra penny on the Income Tax produces £3,300,000. In 1803 it brought in only £400,000, and in 1876 £1,727,000.

In 1803 the Income Tax brought in £4,700,000; in 1856 £15,070,000; in 1911 £44,334,000; and in 1917 £238,000,000.

The total incomes taxed have risen in 120 years from just over 100 millions to 1700 millions.

FEED MY LAMBS

C.N. Fund for Vienna

HELP is still pouring in from generous readers of the C.N. for the starving children of Vienna. This help, so readily given by the boys and girls of Britain to the boys and girls of Austria's stricken capital, will long be remembered as a splendid example of true charity.

As we go to press the total number of shillings received is 75,000.

All subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post, and all further subscriptions should be sent to C.N. Appeal.

Save the Children Fund, 26, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.

We gladly print below a further list of school and church collections.

SCHOOL AND OTHER COLLECTIONS

	SHILLINGS
Stand Grammar School, Whitefield . . .	330
Cambridge Wesleyan School, Cowbridge . . .	280
St. Fillan's School, Heston . . .	215
Breadall School, Derbyshire . . .	207
Preparatory School, Ashton-under-Lyne . . .	200
Steyne Gardens School, Worthing . . .	161
Primitive Methodist Church, Buxton . . .	130
Tadley Methodists, Basingstoke . . .	120
Bull Close Girls' School, Norwich . . .	120
Bury Municipal Secondary School, Lancs. . .	100
Carlisle School, Chelsea . . .	100
Wesley Street Council School, Oldbury . . .	100
Taylor Brothers, Ltd., Chesterfield . . .	100
Chingford High School, Essex . . .	100
Lewisham Bridge Girls' School . . .	100
Children's Prayer Meeting, Folkestone . . .	100
Abbotshall School, Kirkcaldy . . .	95
Young People's Service, Walthamstow . . .	87
Broughshane Presbyterians, Antrim . . .	81
Wesleyan Sunday School, Penpoll . . .	72
Milnsbridge School, Huddersfield . . .	71
Girls' Council School, Norton, Malton . . .	70
Eliot St. Girls' School, Birmingham . . .	70
Children of St. Martin's, Scilly Islands . . .	68
Mullaglass School, Newry, Ireland . . .	66
School and Village of Little Dunmow . . .	62
Royal Grammar School, Clitheroe . . .	60
Free Church, Cullybackey, co. Antrim . . .	60
Congregational Church, Marlpool . . .	60
Pedham Council School, Lancs. . .	60
The Dorset Home, Poole . . .	59
Monson Road Infants' School, New Cross . . .	56
Wyche School, Malvern . . .	55
Independent Methodist Church, Burnley . . .	54
Abercraze Council School, Breconshire . . .	54
St. Stephen's School, Blackburn . . .	53
C. of E. School, Nottingham . . .	50
Mynehead St. Girls' School, New Cross . . .	50
Scholey Hill School, Methley, Leeds . . .	50
Leedstone Council School, Hayle . . .	48
Ross Moss School, Chelford . . .	46
Prefect of Form V., Caterham Valley . . .	45
Belle Vue Council School, Wakefield . . .	45
Shinrone Scriptural School, Shinrone . . .	44
St. Mary's Mixed School, Wakefield . . .	43
Shooter's Hill Baptists, Blackheath . . .	42
St. Andrew's Girls' School, London, W. 1 . . .	42
Honingham School, Norwich . . .	41
Baptist Mission, Longsight, Manchester . . .	40
Halkett Place Girls' School, Jersey . . .	40
Magdalen College School, Brockley . . .	40
Frating School, Essex . . .	40
Gospel Hall M.S.C., Liverpool . . .	40
Stanley Road School, Oldham . . .	40
Mason's School, Balesbridge, Dublin . . .	40
St. Bernard's, Bexhill-on-Sea . . .	40
Freelands Grove S. School, Bromley . . .	37
Endmoor School, Kendal . . .	36
Fritton School . . .	35
Eversleigh High School, Endcliffe Vale . . .	35
Hemingbrough Council School, Selby . . .	34
Girls' Preparatory, Sutton Coldfield . . .	33
Byrkley Street W. School, Burton . . .	32
Heythorpe School, Chipping Norton . . .	30
Newmarket Road School, Newmarket . . .	30
Burnley Wood Girls' School, Burnley . . .	30
Port Talbot Council School, Glamorgan . . .	30
Howden Council School, East Yorks . . .	30
Children of St. Luke's, Wallasey . . .	30
Glamorgan Council School, Cardiff . . .	26
Norcoe Girls' School, near Derby . . .	26
School House, Ingleton, Cornforth . . .	26
Gospel Mission, Wednesfield . . .	26
Senior Girls, Hill Top, West Bromwich . . .	26
Keresley C. of E. School, Coventry . . .	25
Epping Green School, Epping . . .	25
Christ Church Infants' School, Ware . . .	25
Kingsley School, Bordon . . .	23
Teddington School, West Hesterton . . .	23
Rosendale Road Infants, West Dulwich . . .	22

Pronunciations in this Paper

Denebola	Dee-neb-o-lah
Frome	Froom
La Plata	Lah Plah-tah
Paraguay	Par-ah-gwi

CAN WE LIVE TO BE 1000?

Renewing Our Youth Like the Eagle

Men of science in several nations are beginning to talk of the possibility of prolonging human life, till in the future men may be two, three, or even ten times, as old as they are now.

A French doctor has prophesied confidently that this will be so; and at the annual meeting of the New York Medical Society, Dr. Eugene Fisk, President of the Life Extension Institute, thought the idea of greatly lengthening life was not absurd, for decay of energy might be retarded and diseases prevented. He thought it possible that the day might come when a man might live a thousand years.

Experiments are being tried on animals, apparently with the effect of greatly prolonging life, and the experimenters think they can secure similar results with men.

Liability to death by accident will, of course, always remain, and also the risk of sudden and violent disease; but it is hoped that wearing out may yet be made a much slower process.



Scene of the great tornado. See page one

SILENT POWER OF WATER

Rumanian's New Power System

The Rumanian inventor Mr. Constantinesco, whose new system of power transmission was of such great value during the war, has been lecturing at the London Polytechnic.

The new system makes use of a new discovery of the power of water, which Mr. Constantinesco has found to be much more compressible than was hitherto supposed. What he does is to make a pipe of water convey power from a motor at one end to a machine at the other end, and it is expected that a great revolution will be effected in such works as mines and quarries.

In his lecture the other day the inventor showed how a shell weighing 200 pounds could be projected for a distance of 1500 yards by water pressure, without any flash or any sound whatever.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A fifteenth-century French MS.	£8900
A thirteenth-century English MS.	£5700
An English MS. written in 1180	£5000
John of Gaunt's psalter . . .	£4000
A Rembrandt drawing . . .	£3300
A bed Charles I. slept in . . .	£551
Twelve eighteenth-century chairs	£403
A mahogany side-table . . .	£199
A sepia sketch by Constable . . .	£160
A 5 cent Vancouver stamp . . .	£74

PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA

After a long period of mystery concerning the Crown Prince of Rumania, who was reported to have forfeited his right to the throne by marrying the girl he loved, it has been made clear that the Prince did not forfeit his rights. He is now in Japan on an official mission.

SLEEPING THROUGH A TRAIN DISASTER

Easy Lay the Head that Wears a Crown

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," wrote Shakespeare, but the Shah sleeps well.

The other night he was travelling from Rome to Paris when, owing to a pointsman's mistake, the train got on the wrong line near Genoa and collided with a goods train.

The whole train was badly shaken, three passengers were killed and fifteen injured, but when they found the Shah's carriage they found him fast asleep, knowing nothing of what had happened.

GREATEST MINING FEAT KNOWN

Secret Tunnel Five Miles Long

How many people realise how much of the Great War was carried on underground? We have just been reminded.

Lieut. Colonel Logan, lecturing in Scotland to mine managers, mentioned that 30,000 miners were employed tunnelling on the western front, and that at the battle of Messines over a million pounds of explosives were fired simultaneously in 19 mines, driven by eight tunnelling companies, with a length of passages under the earth of nearly five miles.

Twelve miles away the people of Lille rushed out of their houses thinking the explosion was an earthquake. Some of the mines had been laid nine months before they were fired. It was the biggest feat in the whole history of mining.

£10 Grant for a Good Writer

The Editor is receiving many requests for help in the education of bright boys and girls, and is making a monthly grant of £10 for a few months.

The grant this month will be awarded for the best handwriting, and readers, who must all be still at school, should write on a postcard the name and address of the agent with whom they have placed an order for My Magazine.

All postcards must bear the name, age, and school address of the sender.

In addition to the £10 there will be ten awards of 10s. each.

All postcards must be addressed: My Magazine Grant, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, and posted not later than April 23.

In addition to this grant the Editor will send a Four Guinea Atlas of the World before the War for the library of the school to which the winner goes. The Editor's decision is final.

£10 for a Leeds Girl

The last grant of £10 has been awarded to Marjorie Garbutt, aged 16, who writes from Form V. Upper, West Leeds High School, Armley, Leeds. Marjorie has won the grant by making up the best sentence describing My Magazine from the headings in the last month's issue, and her winning sentence describes the Magazine as "a rare friend to millions of little people." The Four Guinea Atlas of the World before the War has been sent to the Library of Marjorie's school.

Ten other grants of 10s. each have been sent to: Alice Bowden, Western Road Girls' School, Southall; Frances Cannon, Russell Road Higher Elementary School, West Ham; Cyril Gibbins, Harpole C.E. School, Northampton; Reginald Goodchild, Emanuel School, Wandsworth Common; Henry Halliday, Skegoneill National School, Belfast; Kathleen Masters, Queen Elizabeth's Girls' Grammar School, High Barnet; Elsie Moore, Girls' Secondary School, Portsmouth; Charles Phillipson, Central School, Sale, Cheshire; Susie Tucker, High School, Tavistock; Nancy Watts, Giffach Fargoed Girls' School, Fargoed.

THANK YOU

A note in our postbag: Can you find a corner on your desk for these little blooms straight from the clean and sweet woods of Hampshire? From one who loves your clean and sweet messages. Thank you. There is always room on our desk for clean, sweet things.

C.N.'s OLDEST READER

THE PAPER WHICH HOLDS CHILDREN FROM PLAY

And Old Men from the Chimney Corner

WE LIVE IN DEEDS, NOT YEARS

The editor has had a sheaf of letters which show how true it is that we cannot count age by years. "We live in deeds, not years," as Philip James Bailey said.

We are young while we are interested in the world about us; we are old when we are tired of it.

All these letters, from people who are old according to the almanac, have been prompted by our paragraph concerning the C.N.'s oldest reader. The C.N. seems to be like that tale of which Sir Philip Sidney wrote, "which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner," for the oldest reader we hear of is 95.

Young at 95

We hear of our old friend through a girl guide at Shifnal, in Shropshire, who tells us that this constant reader of the C.N. is 95 this month. We send our cordial greetings with best wishes for much happiness on each returning birthday.

Close upon our oldest reader comes Victor Walker's grandmother, at Peterborough. She was 91 in January, and thinks the C.N. "better than all other papers." We hope she will long enjoy it.

The next oldest reader is marching towards 91, and writes to us from Stone, in Staffordshire, in an excellent hand, to say that he takes in eight newspapers, and his favourite is the C.N., of which he reads nearly every word "with profit and delight." And then he adds a P.S. "My Magazine I take in, too. It is grand."

The C.N. Scramble

Next comes Ruth Willett's grandfather, who will be 90 in June. Ruth writes from the Manor House at Woolavington, near Bridgwater, to say that "there is always a general scramble for the Children's Newspaper, and we never have a chance of it till grandpa's finished." Grandpa is a very lively boy, for he is reading the C.N. and My Magazine, and working in the garden every day. Our love to his roses.

From Clacton comes a letter in a vigorous hand from a reader of 87, who wishes we would offer a cover for binding the C.N., evidently so that he could read it when he is getting old; from Glasgow a message comes from a lady of 87 who follows our star column with keen delight; and from Hullavington, near Chippenham, comes news of a reader of 86, the oldest woman in the village, who always waits till the children have looked at the C.N., and then "spends a merry hour with it." Other readers of 80 come from Stoke-on-Trent, Sheffield, and Rayleigh in Essex.

A Mutiny Hero

Norman Goodacre writes that his grandfather is 85, and has taken the C.N. since it came out; two ladies of 85 wait for us weekly in North Wales and at Manchester; and an old lady at Wilmslow, of the same age, enjoys the C.N. and My Magazine more than anything else. From Frome Mr. Alfred Gane writes that, though he is 82, he is always learning new things from the C.N.; and Mr. Thomas Middleton writes from Ross-shire to say that he is 82, that he reads regularly the best London and Edinburgh papers, and that "I take more pleasure in your C.N. than in any one of them. I would rejoice if every English-speaking family in the world could read it. God bless you." And God bless Mr. Middleton.

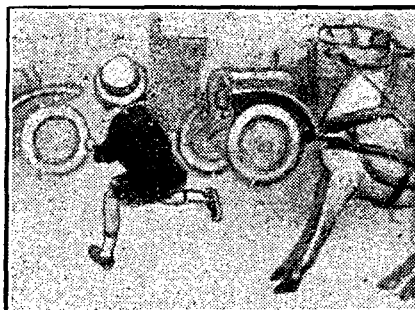
A little host of readers at, or near, 80, come from other places; and a specially interesting letter comes from Parkhead, Glasgow, where an old soldier of 80 reads the C.N. every week. He heard Lord Canning read the proclamation taking over the Indian Empire.

RULES OF SAFETY IN THE STREET

What to Do and What Not to Do



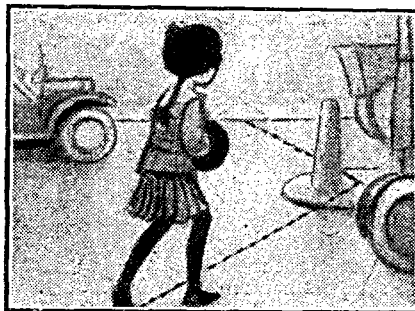
Never run behind a tram; there may be one coming the other way



The wrong way to cross a busy road. Never run into traffic without looking



The right way to cross. Look both ways and do not start till all is clear



Face the traffic as you cross the road, and use the island refuges



Never step off the kerb without looking round



Do not leave a tram unless you see the road is clear



Never run into the road behind a standing vehicle



Never run in front of slow traffic; there may be a fast vehicle on the far side



Keep to the right on the pavement, and to the left when you are in the road



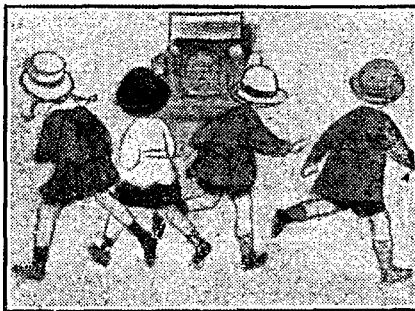
Step cautiously out of doorways opening immediately on to a road



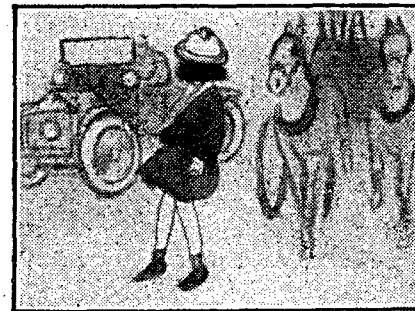
Never play "last across"; many children have been killed in doing so



In quiet pathless country lanes walk on the right, facing the traffic



Never scatter to both sides of the road; the driver may not be able to miss you



If actually caught in traffic it is best to stand still; the driver may pass you

OUR BEST AMBASSADOR

Schoolgirls and the Prince

HOW HE STRUCK AN AMERICAN SCHOOL

By Our New York Correspondent

With the Prince on tour again, these notes from our New York Correspondent will be interesting, as showing the impression our young Ambassador makes on his way about the world.

I often think our newspapers would be much improved if boys and girls could do the descriptive reporting. My daughter attends an American school founded 200 years ago by English people, situated just opposite the part of the Hudson River where H.M.S. Renown lay anchored during the visit of the Prince of Wales, who has sent the girls his signed photograph.

The school magazine is called the Forum, and this is how the girls describe the various appearances of the royal visitor.

Prince Grows Nervous

The Prince of Wales was "fussed." When he came into the huge Madison Square Gardens, and everyone stood up, cheering and applauding, he blushed violently, like the proverbial beet.

Then, amid flurried strains from the band—which had had to switch abruptly from an impassioned rendering of "Dreamy Alabama" to "God Save the King"—the Prince hopped up the stairs of the royal box, but, alas, refused to sit in the beautiful armchair, with pink brocade and gilt, which had been placed for him.

Regally he waved it aside, and perched democratically on the edge of a spindle-legged wooden seat, on which he sat watching the splendid horses below.

But the poor boy was so fidgety! Countless times he furtively smoothed his shining yellow hair; often he hastily settled his tie; and continually twiddled his ring with nervous fingers.

Then suddenly H.R.H. whispered something to his secretary, bounced up from his chair, and joined the judges in the ring. No elevated royal box for him—the ring was the place to see horses!

Girls Climb to See Their Guest

One maiden went to the gala performance at the Opera House, and her account ran thus:

When the Prince appeared the police used all their strength against the excited women and noisy men.

It was a hard push! The people in front saw nothing at all, because the struggle took all their attention. I hopped up on the stairs, and practically stood on a policeman, until he realised that I was violating all the rules.

Above the seething crowd came the shrill whisper of a girl, "Isn't he perfectly sweet?"

Everyone heard, including the Prince, and it so amused the crowd that they all went chuckling back to their seats.

Another young lady of St. Agatha's School tells us that:

There was much scandal about eager young ladies who climbed to the Prince's balcony to watch him dine, and who were gently removed by amused policemen.

The Prince is again on his travels, and thousands of boys and girls in Australia, New Zealand, and North America will write about him in school essays before he comes back again. It is among the young people that his work of spreading friendship is most valuable.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

Two thousand men are starting a tunnel which will take five years to make. It will run for 18 miles hundreds of feet below the ground, and is to carry water from the lakes in the Catskill Mountains to New York.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

WHY AMERICA SPEAKS ENGLISH

Little Boat that Brought Great News

KING WHO SPLIT OUR RACE

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

A boy asked me the other day how it is that America speaks English, and this is what I told him.

Like other English-speaking countries, America was at first a British colony. Over three million Britons had settled there when the British Government, about 1766, began to call on them to pay taxes. In those days the British Government was really our German king.

George III. had as his ministers Lord Bute and Lord North, but they did only as he bade them, and not what the people of Britain wished. The man who really spoke the feelings of the people was Pitt; but the King hated Pitt.

So, when the American colonists objected to paying taxes to Britain without having anybody to represent them in the British Parliament, Pitt spoke up for them, and said they were right; and the people in Britain said so, too. But the King said that they must be made to pay, and he sent British troops over to America to force them.

Captain Derby's Secret Journey

This made the colonists rise in arms to protect themselves, and 20,000 of them came into conflict with British troops at Boston. At first they were driven back, but they stuck to it with great bravery, with a fine leader in George Washington.

When the Americans won their first victory over the King's troops, Captain Derby of Boston sailed secretly in a fast sloop for England with the news. In 29 days he got across to the Isle of Wight, from where he travelled up to London and gave his despatches to the Lord Mayor. The news was at once made known to the people of Britain, who received it with great rejoicing, for they were all on the side of their fellow Britons in America. The Government tried to catch Captain Derby, but he got away.

Fate of a Great Man

As time went on General Washington got his troops into better trim, and a success at Saratoga put fresh spirit into them. France and Spain, who then hated Britain, agreed to help the Americans, and with their fleets they soon hampered the British in sending reinforcements across the Atlantic. In this time of national difficulty the people of Britain called back to power Pitt, who had then become Lord Chatham.

He was very ill, but was carried to the House of Lords, and, after speaking eagerly on behalf of the American colonists, he fell back fainting, and died shortly after. Had he lived, and got his way, America would probably have been a British State today. As it was, the King went on obstinately trying to suppress the colonists, with the result that the colonists got the best of it.

Hands Across the Sea

The British force of 7000 men under Lord Cornwallis was held in a corner of the coast at Yorktown, and at last Cornwallis surrendered in 1781.

Then the different British colonies in America formed themselves into a republic called the United States. They had won their freedom by sticking up for their rights; and they had the full sympathy of the people of Britain.

In the Boy Scout and the Girl Guide movements we play our part in keeping up the friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples. More than 400,000 boys and 60,000 girls in America are members of these two movements; and many write regularly to their brother Scouts and sister Guides over here.

Next July we hope to see over a hundred of our American brother Scouts at the Scout Jamboree at Olympia.

THE MAN WHO SHOULD HAVE DIED

And the Wonders He has Lived to See

There now lives, in a Home for the Aged in Rome, a man aged a hundred years, who was condemned to die by the guillotine when the Pope was still an Italian king, and Austria had her grip on Northern Italy.

It was Pope Pius IX. who, as ruler of the Papal States, condemned Antonio Ventura to have his head cut off in 1862. But the guillotine refused to work. So by Italian law, which only allows one stroke at an execution, Antonio was sent back to prison, and stayed there 50 years. Eight years ago the government felt that the old man of 92 had been imprisoned long enough, and he was sent to a Home where he has reached his hundredth year.

Think of that fifty years in an Italian prison while Italy was shaping its fragments into a solid united country! Antonio emerged from his half-century of confinement to find his country one and undivided, except that Austria still held a fringe of Alpine heights, which the old man has lived long enough to see pass back into Italian hands.

WHY WE GAPE

The Crowd Passing the Statue

You gape because your mind is tired. Dr. Halford Ross, the Home Office Factory Inspector for the City of London, said the other day that there are two unfailing signs of fatigue, mental and physical.

When the mind is tired people gape, and when the body is tired they fidget. There is an idea that gaping is "catching," but this is only true if many people are tired together.

Dr. Ross has watched children in London schools, and he finds that during the morning if one gapes the others do not follow suit, but towards the end of the afternoon, when one gapes the others do the same.

When in India Dr. Ross stood one morning on the staircase of the Viceroy's Palace at Calcutta, and watched men and women going up and down past a statue of a yawning man. Nobody gaped. That night there was a ball at the palace; and at five o'clock in the morning Dr. Ross again stood by the statue, and watched the people going home. Every one gaped, and this was simply because they were fatigued; when they were fresh, they could pass the yawning figure with immunity.

THE WATER HAMMER

Making a Bed for the Pier of a Bridge

To drive the piles of a pier or bridge into the ground under water a steam-hammer or pile-driver is generally used, but in the case of concrete piles the hammer would smash the pile.

It is therefore necessary to fit the concrete pile with a steel point, so that it may go easily into the soil, while the top has to be covered with a hood to resist the blows of the hammer.

A new method of driving concrete piles has now been invented, in which water is used instead of the hammer.

Each pile has a steel pipe running down the centre, with an opening, and small cross pipes leading to the sides of the pile at the bottom. The pile is lowered into the mud, and water is then forced into the pipe at very high pressure.

This at once forces away the soil at the bottom of the pile, the jets from the small cross pipes assisting to remove it still farther, and gradually the great concrete pillar sinks till it has reached the required position.

It is reckoned that this new method will come into general use, and that it may be developed still farther. The saving in cost and time will be great.

BABY'S FOOD TURNED INTO BAUBLES

A Milk-Wasting Trade 20,000 QUARTS FOR A TON OF GEW-GAWS

At a time when milk is so scarce it is interesting to know that there are factories which convert milk into imitation celluloid, amber, ivory, and horn.

Thousands of brush and umbrella handles, combs, cigarette-holders, pen-holders, paper-knives, and so on, are made from milk, which was also used on a large scale during the war for making insulating materials for electrical work, replacing the ebonite required in military telegraph apparatus.

These various articles are made from casein, a substance obtained from skimmed milk, by various chemical processes. The casein is often mixed with colours, and then compressed into moulds, and is today being used even to manufacture artificial gems, such as bead necklets, bangles, and so on.

Milk treated in this way is not altogether lost to the people who need it so badly, for not only is the cream extracted for butter, but considerable quantities of milk sugar are obtained as well. Still, as a quart of milk contains only about an ounce and a half of casein, more than 20,000 quarts of milk go to make a ton of gew-gaws, which makes one wish that for the present such an industry would confine its efforts to actual necessities.

MILLIONS OF MIDGES

How They Stopped a Train

Our account of how trains have been stopped by the wind reminds a Scottish reader of an even more curious occurrence.

A few years ago a passenger train was approaching a West Highland station, on a rising gradient, when the wheels of the engine began to skid, and the train came to a dead stop.

The weather was warm and sultry, and the line passed through a thickly wooded district.

The engine-driver was surprised, and could not guess the reason for his difficulty; but he was more surprised when, on jumping from his engine to examine the rails, he found the train had been stopped by a swarm of midges.

They had settled in enormous numbers on the rails, and as the wheels crushed them in millions they caused what railway men call "a greasy rail."

CAN A FISH HEAR?

Science Thinks Not

The question whether fish can hear has been lately tested by experiments, and the evidence shows that they cannot, as might be expected from creatures that have no ears.

But have they any other means of detecting sound? Apparently not, unless it is accompanied by such violent shocks as will stir the water, and then it is not sound but water movements that are felt.

Anyone who has been deaf from birth—and therefore dumb—can, when standing under a railway bridge, hear in a dull way the heavy shaking rumble of a train passing overhead. Only in some such way as that can heavy sounds come to fishes.

A great cannon fired 300 yards away does not cause fishes to show any sign of hearing, and if fired ten yards away it only causes them to give a momentary jerk, through the vibration.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S GRAVE

In Gloucestershire is a pretty village on a hill called Oakridge, and it was there Mr. John Drinkwater wrote his famous play on Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Drinkwater has just been to America, and, going to Lincoln's grave, was surprised to find that it was on a hill called Oakridge!

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

LAST OF THE PAINTERS OF VENICE

Plain Yorkshire Girl Who Made Herself Famous

NOVELIST OF OLDEN DAYS

April 18. Livingstone buried at Westminster. 1874
19. Paul Veronese died in Venice. 1588
20. Marcus Aurelius born in Rome. 121
21. Charlotte Brontë born at Thornton, Yorks. 1816
22. Henry Fielding born near Glastonbury. . 1707
23. Cervantes died in Madrid. 1616
24. Anthony Trollope born in London. . . . 1815

Paul Veronese

PAUL VERONESE, so called because he was born at Verona, was the last of the great Venetian painters, Tintoretto being about twenty years older than himself, and Titian much older still, though all were living at the same time.

Paul was an artist from boyhood, and by the time he was 28 had won fame by his paintings in the great church of San Sebastiano, Venice, where he is buried.

Afterwards he studied in Rome, and learned much from the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo; then he returned to Venice and painted pictures that are now in the world's chief galleries, such as the Louvre, in Paris, and our National Gallery in London, which has ten.

This artist's pictures are often of great size, crowded with figures, which, though they represent ancient scenes, contain portraits of people then living. One picture in the Louvre has 120 human figures. The artist loved to put in a background of stately architecture.

The fame of Paul Veronese, though great today, was greater when he was living, for his competitors voted him a chain of gold as the master of them all.

Charlotte Brontë

CHARLOTTE BRONTË is one of three British women who rank as novelists with the greatest men, the other two being Jane Austen and George Eliot.

Her father, an Irishman, was rather a grim clergyman, and the family, three sisters and a brother—the mother being dead—lived at Haworth, on the Yorkshire moors, a narrow and lonely life.

Charlotte was small and plain. As a governess her life was dull and uneventful. But she was brilliantly clever, and in spirit fierce, so that she was like a caged bird hurt for want of liberty.

What she felt and thought she put into her stories "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," which are vivid records of a hungry heart.

In middle life she married her father's curate, but she did not live long afterwards. Her husband lived until a year or two ago.

Charlotte Brontë and her sisters will remain real to all reading people, not only because their books are like actual life, but because their own sad and strained lives were written with great power by another novelist, Mrs. Gaskell.

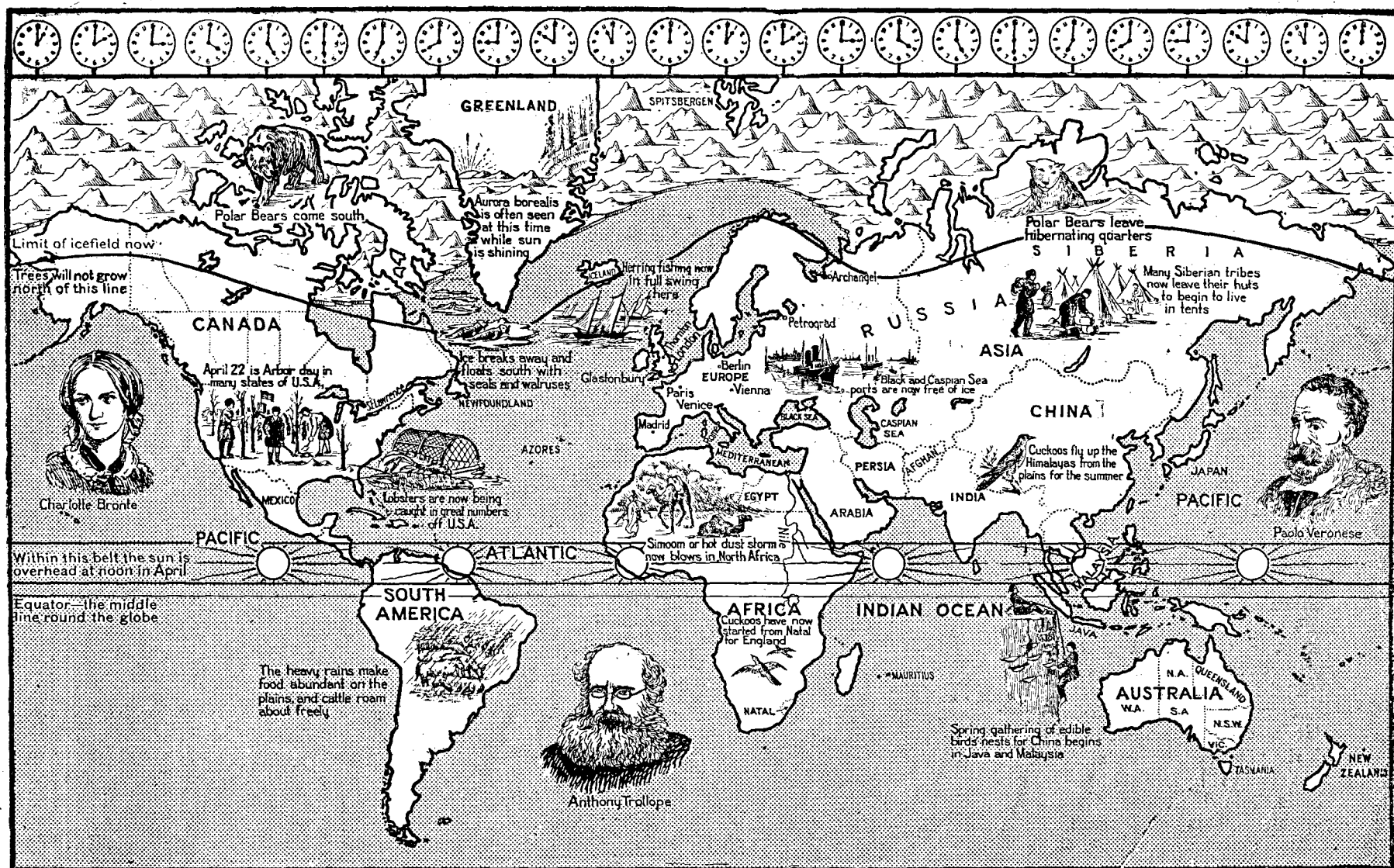
Anthony Trollope

SOME novels are written to amuse for a moment, then to vanish from the mind and be forgotten; but others become valuable historical records because they will tell generations yet unborn how people lived and thought and talked in our country in past times.

Anthony Trollope was a writer of novels that will be historical. He was a Post Office inspector in Ireland and the West of England, and, as a lover of hunting, he saw a good deal of country society in the West, and also the kind of life lived in cathedral towns like Winchester and Salisbury. This life, in the reign of Queen Victoria, is pictured in his books, and will long remain interesting, especially as the books are as easily read as they were easily written.

Trollope made much money by his books, and rather laughed at himself as a writer. He has been undervalued because he did not take himself seriously; but he is, none the less, a faithful picturer of a kind of past life that will interest people in the future.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING NATURAL EVENTS



FOOLING THE JUNKERS How a Newspaper Came Out STORY OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

Printers have always had a knack of getting their own way somehow. In the ages when books were regarded as one of the worst of dangers, and ruthlessly suppressed or burned, the Press could not be silenced.

In Brussels, during the war, the Germans could never discover how the Belgians kept their patriotic news-sheets in circulation.

And now Germany itself has beaten the record. During the Four Days' Revolution of March, when Dr. Kapp entered Berlin with an army to overawe the German Government, the offices of the Socialist paper Vorwaerts were occupied, and the publication of the paper was ordered to be stopped. The building itself was garrisoned.

And yet part of the staff managed to slip past the guards, assemble in the rooms not actually occupied by the soldiers, set the type of an issue of the paper by candlelight, telephone through to other cities for news, and print 15,000 copies of the journal before the garrison heard the machines running.

When the trick was discovered and the machines stopped, the printing was not ended, for a matrix had been taken to another part of the city, where machines printed 20,000 more copies.

For once German guile will raise an approving smile.

FIFTY MILLION RUBBER TYRES

America has eight and a half million cars and motor-lorries, and to keep these running she requires 51,000,000 tyres. This means 180,000 tons of rubber for tyres alone. Altogether America wants 300,000 tons of rubber, worth £67,000,000, and of this the British Empire supplies 80 per cent. The world's supply is only 400,000 tons a year.

THE SILLIEST STRIKE OF ALL Men Who Do Not Want Light

The folly and wickedness of unnecessary strikes is sadly widespread, but it has been left for the workmen of North Italy to begin the silliest strike of all.

In Milan, Turin, and other towns of the great Italian plain, there have been strikes against "summer time."

Why men should object to have more light in the evening is a mystery, but so much did the Italians object that at Milan they lay down in hundreds on the rails in the morning to prevent engines starting before the usual hour.

As the strikes are chiefly in the great cities we may, perhaps, explain them by supposing that the workmen there who object to an earlier hour have no gardens or allotments in which to use the longer evening light to advantage.

WORLD'S JUSTICE Great Court Taking Shape

The greatest court of justice ever set up on the earth is taking shape.

It will be remembered that at the first public meeting of the League of Nations, which we reported at the time it was held in London, a number of international judges were invited to serve in an international court under the League, and it is satisfactory to know that a famous American has accepted the invitation.

He is Mr. Elihu Root, one of the most experienced lawyers and statesmen of his country, who has long been accustomed to discuss business of an international character. His appointment shows that America will spare her best men to help in this great work.

PRINCE SAILS THROUGH AMERICA Narrow Escape of Going 11,000 Miles Round

The greatest difficulty the Panama Canal has to contend with is the sliding down of the banks, possibly through minor earthquakes.

More than once the canal has been closed by a landslide, and it was feared that a slide that recently occurred would delay the British cruiser Renown, carrying the Prince of Wales to Australasia.

Fortunately, by tremendous efforts, such as our American cousins know so well how to make, the canal was cleared in time, and the Renown steamed triumphantly through from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was the largest ship that had ever passed through the canal.

Had the landslide occurred a week later, or not been cleared, the Prince might have had to travel round Cape Horn, and would have added 11,000 miles to his already long journey.

THE EPPO A Very Little Known Animal

Much as we think we know now of all parts of the world we do not yet know all the animals.

Another animal new to civilised men has been shot in Africa, in the part of the province of Ruanda once belonging to German East Africa, now under the British flag. It is called an eppe.

The natives know it well, for it is the sacred beast of the Chief of Ruanda.

It is a forest animal of the antelope family, as large as a large goat. It can clamber up into a low-branched tree. Its horns are set far back on its head; it is reddish black, with a stumpy tail and a yellow stripe along half its backbone.

The eppe is a kind of duiker, an animal widely spread in South Africa. The word duiker is Boer for diver, and is used for these antelopes because of the way they dive head foremost into the thick undergrowth when they are disturbed.

FORGOTTEN ISLAND No Food in Skye OVERLOOKED BY A TROUBLED WORLD

The evils that follow in the train of war often fall in unexpected ways on places that no one had thought of as likely to suffer. Who would have thought the war would greatly harm the island of Skye? Yet there have been people there on the verge of starvation.

Why this happens and has not been foreseen is very curious. Skye, lying off the west coast of Scotland, does not grow enough wheat and oats for its own food. Its population is scattered, and to a large extent is only reached by sea. The island is fed in the spring, so far as meal is concerned, from coasting steamers.

Now, the stir in the world's trade, as business restarts and the nations weakened by war have to be fed, has drawn away shipping from the remoter parts of our coast, and the needs of the comparatively lonely islanders of the West have been momentarily overlooked.

Of course the neglect will cease at once. These coast-dwellers are among the finest products of the British race, and forgetfulness of them is only an accident. They have but to speak of their needs, and they will receive a quick response.

TSAR'S SISTER Living in a Railway Van

The relatives of the murdered Tsar of Russia have clung to their country to the last possible moment. His sister, the Grand Duchess Olga, has only left the Black Sea coast by a refugee ship at the last hour before the Bolsheviks seized Novorossisk, Denikin's last port.

The Grand Duchess, brought up in one of the most luxurious Courts in Europe, was making her home with her two sons in a railway van when she was induced, by American Red Cross workers, to find safety at sea, and she has joined her royal relatives at Copenhagen.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 17 1920

The Time of the Singing of Birds

THE time of the singing of birds is come. As we think of them there flash into our minds two swift thoughts—the thought of beauty and the thought of joy.

Just as flowers are the concentrated beauty of the earth, lovely in colour, texture, and form, so birds are the living and quivering beauty of the air that enwraps the earth.

Nothing else in the whole realm of Nature has such beauty of outline, lightness, and grace of movement as the birds, and, except the flowers, nothing else has such delicacy in colouring.

But if the birds delight our eyes by their beauty, how much nearer to us they come when they raise our spirits by their splendid inborn sense of joy! In all the earth there is nothing quite so happy as a bird, free and melodious in the spring. It has a bubbling, over-brimming, out-pouring feeling of exultant happiness that must be trilled forth for all God's creatures to hear.

A daring poet once said: "Flowers laugh before thee in their beds," and indeed their spring profusion is a gladsome sight. And children's voices, as they come from the fields of play, tinkling in the ear on the quiet evening air, are as joyous as they are sweet. But neither flowers nor children feel such rapture as is felt by the bird singing aloft to its mate, while she crouches warmly on the nest they have made.

Yes, birds are very beautiful, and they are the supreme emblem of natural joy. Let us carry these two thoughts with us in these sweet April days. Let us learn from them to see the beauty which abounds in this old but ever-new world, and above all let us feel the joy which God has ordained for the comfort and the thrilling of man.

Joy; nothing less than joy let us feel. When old Sir Thomas More, one of the wisest men who ever lived, was trying to picture a perfect life, he put in the forefront of his thoughts about religion the idea that God has devised for man a joyful life, and one of the worst things that can be said about men is that so many have forgotten this truth.

They go about sorrowful and grumbling, and saying it is a sad world, full of care. Ask the frail, adventurous birds, as they settle down after their hazardous passage into our spring, and resume their songs, *what they think*. Nay, you need not ask; they cannot help but trill the lovely lessons of joy and faith to us from dewy morn to dewy eve. "All is right," they say, "and, anyway, keep up a good heart, for it is a sweet, brave world we are in."



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Good News Indeed

JERUSALEM has now its first daily paper in English. It is called the Jerusalem News, and the Editor has chosen as his motto "Jerusalem News is good news."

It always was. Our compliments to the Editor. If he will send along another message from Jerusalem like that which came so long ago all will be well with the world.

P.S. Or if he will drive home the old one.



Love me, love my dog
Holland will not give up the Kaiser

At Our Expense

MORE than once we have said a word here on behalf of the time of the public, which Mr. Gladstone so well called the treasure of the nation.

We are reminded of it again by reading a case in Mr. Justice Darling's court, where a document was missing, and the judge suggested that he should adjourn for the document to be produced. "unless Sir Edward Carson could think of anything to fill up the time." Whereupon Sir Edward: "No, my lord, but perhaps the Solicitor-General will make a bit of a speech."

It is all very merry, but the pity is that it is at our expense, for one of the saddest things is that the law wastes so much time that often there is neither time nor money for justice.

A Good Example

AN M.P. in New York has had a good idea. He proposes to limit the space that newspapers should use in murder cases.

It would be a very good thing if this could be done, and we should be glad to see the New York Parliament adopting the policy of the Children's Newspaper. Personally we can find all the news we want without bothering over-much about murders, and it is a great pity that, when one man in a town murders another, our grown-up papers seem to forget all the good people and all the good things being done in that town, and to have room for nothing but murder.

Who would believe, to read some of our papers, that for every man committing crime in this country there are a hundred or a thousand who are not?

Bad Things Going

ANOTHER workhouse is being closed. This time it is at Ongar, in Essex, and we are glad to see that it is closed at the suggestion of the Ministry of Health.

No country is healthy so long as it has these ugly places, and we wish the Ministry of Health God-speed in getting rid of them.

Tip-Cat

THE Postmaster-General says the telephone service has this year shown great improvement. Will he tell us when and how and where?

WE used to read that wheat was Russia's chief product. It seems to be chaos now.

PROHIBITION is ruining the workhouses in America.

THE candidate who expects to have a walk-over is not always in the running.

A PORTRAIT of William III. has been sold cheap. Another proof of the decreased value of a sovereign.

IT was a mistake to send the Labour Party's Franchise Bill to a Standing Committee. Some members tried to sit on it.

GOVERNMENT rations: Irish stew.

A COUNTER-REVOLUTION: A strike of shop assistants.

"BRITAIN is serving as a light-house for the whole world," somebody says. Soon, perhaps, it will serve as a dwelling-house for some of its own people.

A RIFLEMAN: The pickpocket.

A GROWN-UP'S paper thinks school-lessons will be taught almost entirely on the kinema. Every movie man has a pupil in his eye.

Things That Have Not Gone Up

MOST things have gone up, but not everything. Sunshine is just as cheap, and it costs no more to listen to the nightingale.

But somebody writes to say that birth certificates are the same price as ever, and another correspondent notes the rather grim fact that at most places the charges for burial are the same as in 1914.

We will gladly send a guinea to the boy or girl who sends on a postcard the most interesting list of things that have not gone up in price.

John Milton's Prayer

O Thou, who of Thy own free grace didst build up this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie.

Hard Times

BE glad because the times are hard,
Hold firm your head aloft;
For man's great battling soul is marred
When life runs smooth and soft.

SOFT times are for the feeble knee,
They soothe the timid heart:
Who has true manhood in him, he
Seeks out the hero's part.

HE lays his comfort gladly down,
His ease he puts aside,
And turns his back upon the town
Of luxury and pride.

FOR him the crag where eagles soar,
The sea where ships are driven,
The wild no foot has trodden o'er,
The clouds by tempest riven.

LOOK well the ox lies soft and warm,
See well the sheep are fed:
But let man's soul embrace the storm,
And thro' the lightnings tread.

TO glorious ends he had his birth,
On high his joys are stored:
His body's but the sheath of earth,
His soul, God's living sword.

SAY not that we are evil-starred,
For since the world began
'Tis only when the times are hard
Man proves himself a man.

HAROLD BEGBIE

The Better Hole

By Our Country Girl in Town

TWO very serious people were walking in the Row, talking about an editor who was a disgrace to the Press. He was sowing vulgarity and falsehood every day. From this they began to speak of corrupt politics, of unpatriotic employers, and trade unions, of empty churches, of the crime wave of hooliganism all over the world.

There was the sunlight on the green swarf, and the blue spring sky, but they were filled with gloom. They kept talking of "the power of evil," and they believed this power was going to swamp the whole world.

Presently they passed a tiny girl, in a white poke-bonnet and pelisse, who was stooping down by one of the railings with her mouth to a little hole in the post. Her face was flushed and dimpling as she whispered; her curls bobbed with her gurgling laughter, she was quite unconscious of the cantering horses before her and the procession of sauntering people behind. Evidently she pretended a goblin lived in this queer hole, and she ran ahead of nurse each morning to parley with her London sprite.

The two miserable people suddenly forgot the power of evil, and felt their hearts grow lighter.

"There!" said one, "is the general who will save us from the armies of madness. As long as there are children the world can't be altogether sordid, ugly, selfish, and cruel. Even Lenin and Trotsky could not do away with children, and grow full-grown workmen in cucumber frames!"

After all, what is the power of evil we are so afraid of? It can't even keep children from saying their prayers or looking for fairies. It never could stand yet the power of laughter.



April 17, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

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TALKING TO THE SKIES

NEW WIRELESS FEATS

Invisible Flying Men Directed from the Earth

THE MARVELLOUS POCKET BOOK

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

A very interesting and important demonstration of wireless telephony and aerial navigation by wireless has lately been given to a number of journalists.

A Handley-Page aeroplane left Cricklewood carrying several newspaper men, while another party were gathered in a hut at Writtle, a village near Chelmsford. The aeroplane was fitted with wireless apparatus weighing only 70 lb., yet able to communicate by wireless telephone over a distance of 150 miles.

An interesting feature of the apparatus, which shows how engineers have seized on special conditions and used them to advantage, is the little machine which generates the electricity. This machine is clamped to the outside of the aeroplane's cockpit, and is fitted with a fan which is made to rotate by the rush of air created when the plane travels. So that the revolving fan turns the dynamo and does away with the need for other means of generating electricity. The aerial is let down and can be wound in again before the plane lands.

Cracking Jokes in the Skies

Very soon the men in the hut were enjoying a talk with the men in the invisible aeroplane—a talk far more comfortable and clear than it would have been by ordinary telephone. The journalists on solid earth cracked jokes with their colleagues 5000 feet up in the sky, who replied bravely in spite of their discomforts, for they said the flight was "bumpy," a fault due to the weather, not to the machine.

Then the course of the flight was directed by the men in the hut. "Steer such and such a course," they wirelessed; and marked on a chart where that should take the aeroplane. Then the direction-finding stations at Pevensy and Lowestoft turned their instruments and announced the "bearings" of the aircraft. The true position was then worked out, and verified in the hut at Writtle, by reference to the maps.

Thus man has at last learned to direct the movements, from moment to moment, of a machine which is miles away, out of all visible connection with him. One's wonder is, "What next?"

The Wireless Umbrella

Another stepping-stone along the steady march of wireless progress was disclosed at a meeting of the Wireless Society of London, when Capt. Donisthorpe exhibited a new pocket-book wireless receiver.

By using this new receiver it will soon be practicable to walk about in the street and pick up wireless messages as we go along. The next time we see someone holding up an umbrella on a bright sunny day in June, and apparently deeply absorbed in a notebook, let us not take him for a harmless lunatic; he may be testing this new device.

To all appearances this pocket-book resembles an ordinary notebook, except that it is rather larger and heavier. If we clip a wire from a small aerial on to one metal corner, and another from a convenient waterpipe on to the other, and push the plug of a pair of telephones into the hinge of the book, we have a wireless receiver complete, which will give us a message from friends across the ocean. The windings of the receiver are concealed in the covers of the book.

To use our umbrella as the aerial and our boots as the earth connection is but one more step forward, so that if we carry one of these books with us we need not fear if our watch stops: we shall put up our umbrella, open the book, and pick up the time from the Eiffel Tower.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A salmon weighing 52 pounds has been caught in the Wye, near Hereford. The salary of French M.P.s has been increased by 1000 francs a month.

The 71st Boat Race
With its victory in the 71st boat race this year Cambridge has now won 32 races against Oxford's 39.

A Millionaire Slacker
A millionaire brewer's son in New York, who "slacked" after being called up for the Army in 1918, has just been sent to prison for five years with hard labour.

Speed the Post
A letter posted at Kashgar on June 4, 1914, has just been delivered at the Times office. A postcard sent from Petrograd on July 16, 1914, has also just been delivered.

Over 2500 people in India are waiting for passages to England.

On Boat Race Day the Underground railways of London beat all records by carrying over five million passengers.

Sister Margit, M.P.
Hungary's first woman M.P. has just taken her seat. She is Margit Schlachta, known to the poor as Sister Margit.

Angry Vesuvius
Vesuvius is angry again. She has been growing more active, and one night the whole population of Castellamare rushed, panic-stricken, into the streets.

Hidden in the Loaf
A loaf conveyed into Brixton Gaol for a prisoner was found to have a file inside to help the prisoner to escape.

A CARRIAGE-FULL OF HAPPINESS



A bright carpenter of the Bedford Guardians has just made for the institution a giant perambulator, in which six babies can ride together

THE GRASSHOPPER MENACE IN CANADA

HOWEVER much Canadians may love the poems of Keats, it is certain that they will not sing his song of The Grasshopper with cordiality just now. For grasshoppers have, since last year, become a plague in the great West.

Grasshoppers in the domains of Our Lady of the Snows? Yes, frost and snow cannot kill the eggs laid late in autumn, buried by the insect's hollow drill, or closed up in little tunnels bored into the stems of vegetation. The eggs rest secure till spring brings warmth and calls the germ to activity.

That is what has been happening this year. It remains to be seen whether frost and cold can kill the larvae which hatch out from the eggs this month. A warm April will mean disaster for South-West Manitoba, South Saskatchewan, and Alberta, for grasshoppers have laid their eggs in billions, and such a har-

vest of insects means a season of dearth.

Grasshoppers are widespread, though most numerous in tropical and sub-tropical lands. We have them in the Motherland, but in such relatively small numbers that they do us no harm. As a matter of fact, they help rather than harm us, for ours, generally speaking, feed on flies, caterpillars, and grubs, as well as on vegetable foods.

Professor Broderick, a Manitoba expert, says that given severe weather this month to kill the larvae there need be little fear, for the insects are migratory and will pass on. It is to be hoped he may be right, but swarms covering enormous tracts such as are now affected, even if they continue their migrations, leave eggs or larvae behind.

In just such a fashion the uncountable swarms of cicadas have spread from State to State in America.

M.P. WHO SMASHED THE OIL WELLS

A MILLION POUNDS DAMAGE BY ONE MAN

Little Story Just Told of the Great War

WHO SHOULD PAY THE BILL?

We have not yet heard half the curious stories concealed in the great war. Perhaps we should never have heard of the exploits of Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths, M.P., if a law case had not arisen out of his doings.

Colonel Griffiths is said to have done damage, chiefly with his own hand, valued at over a million pounds, and the question has been raised as to who must pay.

He is not to blame. He acted under orders, and did very thoroughly the work set for him to do. Indeed, he was so splendid as a smasher that he was decorated for his smashing by several governments.

These are the facts. Rumania has oil-wells of extraordinary richness, and oil was of immense value for carrying on the war. Deprive the Germans of oil, and their submarines would be of no use. Allow them to capture great stores of oil, and the dangers of the seas would be greatly multiplied against us.

The Man with a Hammer

The Germans, therefore, planned with the Austrians a great and rapid attack on the Rumanian oil-wells.

The Allies knew that the Rumanians could not possibly defend the wells; sooner or later they must fall into German hands. And so Sir John Norton Griffiths, an expert engineer officer who knew all about oil-wells and machinery, was sent out single-handed, with only one servant, to smash the wells.

The Rumanians did not like to see their wells destroyed. They thought they could defend them, and as the colonel went about with a big hammer smashing machinery to pieces and completely blocking the wells, they called him "The Devil of Destruction."

Now, the Rumanians were wrong in calling the colonel a Bolshevik, for the smashing of the wells was the best thing to do from a military point of view. The wells were taken by the Germans, but they were then useless to them, owing to the unaided energy of one British colonel.

Colonel's Lonely Journey

The colonel, it should be remembered, was alone; when he asked what army he was to take out with him, our Government said, "You must go alone."

When the Rumanians saw how real the need for destruction had been they changed their opinion of Sir John, and gave him a decoration.

Now the questions arise: How much damage was done? Was it £1,250,000 worth or less? And ought the Government that ordered the smashing to pay the cost of it? It has just been decided that Great Britain shall pay.

However those questions may be decided, there can be no doubt about the bravery and thoroughness of the man who, alone, sometimes in the enemies' lines, sometimes with friends who disagreed with him, prevented his country's enemies from securing the oil they so much needed. As the judge said, the colonel went about like the great god Thor, with a hammer, knocking off any essential piece of machinery, and throwing it down the wells.

A HERO PASSES ON

The Rotherham dog Rover, who saved two children from the River Don some weeks ago, has given his life for his bravery, having died from the effects of the bad water he absorbed at the time.

News of the Animal Kingdom—By Correspondents All Over the Country

FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS THE TWO HORSES AND THE NOSEBAG

Cat That Plays with a Mouse THE THREE RATS

The question, Do animals understand blindness? is raised by an incident described by a Scottish reader, and signed by a witness.

I was working about our farm when I was startled to see three rats crossing the farmyard abreast.

There was a very large one in the middle and a smaller one on each side. Something seemed to be wrong with the large rat, for the other two had hold of its feelers on either side, and were leading it across. Was it blind?

A BASKET OF SQUIRRELS

A correspondent living near Machynlleth, in North Wales, vouches for the following remarkable facts.

When trees were being felled in a larch forest a squirrel's nest was found with four young squirrels only a few days old. They were taken home and placed out of the way of the cat.

But during the night the cat, whose kittens had just been drowned, found her way to the basket, carried the young squirrels to her bed upstairs, and in the morning was purring over them and nursing them.

They grew up perfectly tame, roaming about the house, searching people's pockets, and each answering to its name when called.

It was the writer of the letter who had them in his charge.

THE NOSEBAG

A Bexhill reader describes an incident of friendliness between horses.

I saw two shaft horses resting and eating from their nosebags, which were nearly empty. They found that they could reach the oats more easily by resting their nosebags on the shaft, and both wished to do so.

As this was impossible, they took it in turns, and it was nice to see one horse, after taking a mouthful, remove his bag from the shaft and give the other a turn.

THE JEALOUS DOG

A Dulwich reader describes how a terrier, though great friends with the old cat, was mad with jealousy of a Persian kitten that was a present, and repeatedly, though punished for doing it, carried it out into the garden and tried to bury it in a hole he had made.

GUARDING TEACHER'S FRIENDS

A Glamorganshire school-girl asks for mention of her teacher's dog, Rough.

Our teacher often has friends staying with her for the week-ends.

On Monday morning, when they return, Rough goes with them to the waiting-place for the omnibus about a mile-and-a-half away, and stays till he sees them safely in the bus.

But if the friends happen to overtake another person who is going in the same direction he does not think his company is needed, and runs home.

CAT AND MOUSE AT PLAY

A Southbourne reader tells of a curious familiarity between a cat and a mouse.

While walking through Christchurch cemetery my brother saw a large Persian cat playing with a little brown field-mouse, and treating it as if it were a kitten.

She licked it gently and it nestled in her fur. When it moved away she gently tapped it with her paw, and drew it towards her carefully.

My brother wondered if, later, she would eat it, but on going to the cemetery again in the afternoon, he was surprised to see the cat and mouse still together. The mouse seemed happy, and its guardian seemed proud of her little charge.

DOGS THAT SEEM TO THINK THINGS OUT

HOW JACK REGAINED HIS GOOD NAME

A correspondent vouches for this story.

A lady who owned a collie named Jack was in the habit of sending him to shop with money for the newspaper.

One night, having no coppers, she wrapped a shilling in a piece of paper and sent him with that. But on his way he met another dog, got into a scuffle, and lost the money.

In about half an hour he sneaked back into the house, looking very guilty. His mistress asked him where the newspaper was, and the money. But he had neither. So she ordered him out at once to look for it.

In about twenty minutes, to her surprise, he returned with the shilling wrapped in the paper. Evidently he had lost it in the scuffle, and during his search had found it.

DOG BRINGS AN EGG

A Kentish girl tells of her mother's dog Wilson, so called because he is an Armistice Day dog.

My mother's dog used to go with her for a long time egging on the farm. One day a hen took it into her head to lay an egg in his kennel and, finding it there, he brought it to mother in the kitchen, taking care not to break it.

PATSY STOPS THE BURGLARS

An account of how a pup defeated burglars comes from the neighbourhood of Birkenhead.

Patsy was only a pup. A cross word from his mistress would send him away to his kennel like a shot.

One midnight loud barking was heard at the front door, and, looking out, I saw Patsy there. I took him through the house, but he pulled back and was afraid to face the yard again. So I went out, and found the yard door and the coal-house door wide open, and my wife heard footsteps running away.

Evidently Patsy had been disturbed, and had escaped after receiving a kick—hence his fear of returning to the kennel—and then had run round to the front door and called his master. The disturbance had alarmed the thieves, who made good their escape.

THE DOG, A GENTLEMAN

A Hitchen reader gives this illustration of the gentlemanly feeling of some dogs.

Next door to us lived a shepherd who left home each morning early, returning in the evening.

His dog always came home hungry, and rushed at once to the spot where his evening meal was waiting for him. One evening he found a little kitten eating his supper, and, like the real gentleman he was, waited till the kitten had finished before helping himself.

A DOG AS CRICKETER

The following description of a dog that understands cricket comes from Scotland.

In a village near Elgin anyone may see in summer-time four or five boys and a collie, Rover, playing cricket on the village green.

Rover stands beside the bowler and starts to run towards the batter when the ball is bowled. If the ball is played forward he immediately fields it and returns it to the bowler. If the ball is missed by the batter and misses the wicket he acts as long-stop, and carries the ball back to the wicket at a gallop.

He acts as long-stop, point, cover, and long-field, and on various occasions has caught the batter out at point.

The ball used is the usual cricket ball. The dog will play for three or four hours, running after every ball. He enjoys the game as much as the other players, and on no account will remain chained up when cricket is being played.

HIS MASTER'S COAT

A Scottish reader gives this illustration of a dog's knowledge of his master's property.

A soldier came into the parcel office of a Scottish station and delivered up his army coat, for which he was paid the usual £1. Then he went away, but

left his dog in the office as he closed the door behind him.

When the door opened again the dog ran out, but could not find his master. It then came back into the office and lay on his cat, refusing to move. This was in the forenoon.

At last the dog ran out again, and the coat was tied up and another put in its place, its master's coat being placed among 30 other coats.

When the dog came back it immediately noticed the deception, and, moving about, soon found the right coat and lay on it till the evening, when the soldier came back and found him.

GLEN WORKS IT OUT

A Scottish reader gives this instance of intelligence on the part of a collie.

Our dog Glen has a dishful of porridge or milk for breakfast every morning. The porridge is often hot, and Glen is always in such a hurry to go with rather that he has no time to let it cool.

When this is so he takes the tin basin between his teeth and carefully empties the porridge out. He then carries the dish to a box, lays it down, and returns to his breakfast, which has cooled.

A WARNING COLLIE

A Walthamstow reader tells how their collie, Lass, gave them forewarning of raids during the war by sitting up and whining.

A DOG'S SENSE OF DANGER

A Wakefield boy gives a remarkable instance of a collie's intelligence.

My grandfather, who was very deaf, was having a walk with Rover as his companion. He was just stepping off the causeway to cross the road when a motor horn hooted, but grandfather did not hear it.

Rover saw the danger, and, as quick as lightning, seized hold of my grandfather's coat and held him back, and as he did so the motor rushed by.

THE BEST PLACE FOR IT

A Newfoundland lassie tells this story.

I had a young dog last year which I was training to draw a cart, but he did not like the whip I carried.

One day it was missing from the cart, where I had left it.

My brother, who was in the garden at the time, saw the dog burying what he thought was a bone, but on examining the place he found it was the whip!

POOR PUPPIES

A South Wales boy tells how his dog, after her puppies were drowned, found one in the river and brought it out to her kennel, trying in vain to revive it.

AT HIS POST

Writing from near Bristol, a reader describes a dog's observation.

Our rough-haired terrier Puck is brushed down every night on the back kitchen table. Directly the sound of the brush is heard, as it is put on the table, Puck leaves the hearthrug in the next room and jumps on the table, without a word being spoken.

If we are writing letters, as soon as he sees the stamping he gets up and stands ready to go to the post with us.

TAFFY KNOWS

An Edmonton lassie describes her knowing little Welsh terrier, Taffy.

The moment mother gets her boot-brushes down he goes to his lead, for he knows he will be going for a walk.

HIS GOOD TURN

A Moffat boy writes:

Our Highland terrier, Garry, is very intelligent. One day he saw one of our puppies who wanted to get up a flight of steps but couldn't.

Garry watched him for some time, and then took him by the neck and carried him up the steps.

At the top he wagged his tail with satisfaction.

COW THAT CALLED FOR HELP

And the Pig that Helps with the Work

BILLY TORTOISE LOST IN A SNOWSTORM

A Northampton lassie writes a pleasant letter about her Billie.

Billie is a tortoise. I have had him nearly six years, and in that time he has grown only an inch all round.

He will not eat anything that is not growing except apple-blossom. When the blossom has fallen from the tree Billie sits under the tree and eats as much as he can. Sometimes he eats so much that he can hardly crawl.

One year we had a snowstorm in April, and we lost him. We searched all over the garden, but did not find him till next morning. He was frozen stiff, and we had to bring him in front of the fire and thaw him.

A MASTERFUL DUCK

A London reader tells how a duck has marked out its own ground in the back garden and will not allow anyone to intrude on it.

The ground at the back of our house is half garden and half paved with cement. The duck we keep has got into its head that the garden half belongs to it, and rushes with open beak at any invader.

It not only chases the hens away when they are let out of the "run," but attacks any of the family crossing its frontier, snatching at my trousers or the skirts of my mother and sister. The only exception is in the morning, when it greets you, as you carry its bowl of food, with much quacking.

A MONKEY AT THE KINEMA

A Wandsworth correspondent tells how she had a pet monkey which she took to the cinema, and which watched the pictures closely, and, when they showed people looking very frightened, screamed with fright and hid her face in the cloak of her mistress.

A COW CALLS FOR HELP

Here is a Scottish story of a cow.

One summer morning a cow and her calf were taken down to a shady meadow. Their owner had not been back at the house an hour when the cow came back, mooing loudly and evidently anxious.

When she was observed she at once set off to the meadow, and, being followed, led the way to where the calf was being almost tormented to death by flies and midges.

A cart was brought and the calf taken back in it, and in a few days it recovered. This was a clear case of the anxious mother seeking human help.

THE BUSY PIG

A reader on a Scottish farm tells this story of a pet pig that helped with the work.

We used to pet and play with a pig at this farm when it was young.

My father used to bed it with straw fetched from a shed some distance from the sty. The pig would follow father, and after he had a forkful of the straw it would get a mouthful and carry it after him to the sty.

When my father laid down the straw and began scattering it about the sty, the pig would lay down its mouthful to be scattered with the rest.

THE HORSE THAT KNOWS

A boy of Bath noticed this:

The other day, going up Lansdowne Hill, I passed a baker's cart. The man walked on the path, and at each door where there was a customer the horse stopped, cleverly backed the wheel of the cart against the curb of the path, and took a well-earned rest.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Young Birds are Hatched

JACK SQUIRREL BUILDS HIS NEST

THE air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings. Joyce Kilmer

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

April 18. Hedges parrows are hatched
Long-tailed titmouse lays its eggs
Marsh titmouse ceases its song
19. Song thrush hatches out its young
Young blackbirds are hatched
Black slug is seen crawling about
20. Large white butterfly is seen flying
Queen wasp first appears
21. Common snail is seen in the open
Missel thrush hatches its eggs
Linnet begins to lay its eggs
22. Nightingale's song is first heard
Swallow is first seen on the wing
Tree pipit is heard singing
23. Kestrel begins to lay its eggs
Grass snakes are seen in couples
Peewit is found to be laying
24. Squirrel begins to build its nest
Young hedge-sparrows are fledged
Young moorhens are hatched
Swallow begins its song
Jackdaw begins to lay its eggs



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	6.1 a.m.	5.54 a.m.	5.50 a.m.
Sunset	7.59 p.m.	8.4 p.m.	8.8 p.m.
Moonrise	5.34 a.m.	7.29 a.m.	9.29 a.m.
Moonset	7.49 p.m.	11.34 p.m.	1.24 a.m.
High Tide	2.34 p.m.	4.35 p.m.	6.0 p.m.

Tide is for London; black figures mean next day.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Draw earth to the potato plants as they appear above ground. Continue to sow in succession good breadths of marrowfat peas; the tall varieties should be sown, as they will stand the dry summer weather better than dwarfs.

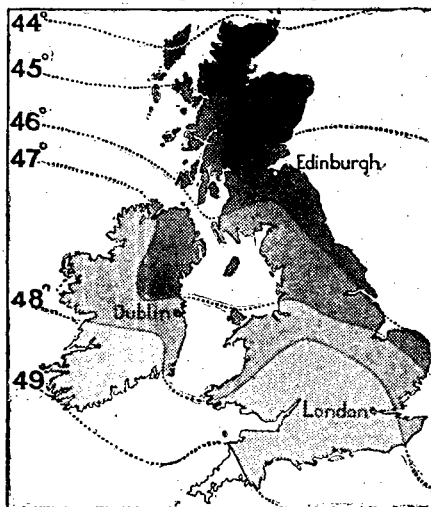
The ground should be well manured, and the rows not less than six feet apart.

Weed strawberry plantations, and water them plentifully. Plant out herbaceous calceolarias, pansies, hollyhocks, pentstemons, gladiolas, and so on.

Edge and clean up gravel walks, and give immediate attention to any regraveling which may be necessary.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperatures of April



This map shows, in Fahrenheit degrees, the average temperatures of April in the U.K.

SEA'S POPULATION

HAS IT GONE UP WITH THE WAR?

Effect of Four Years' Holiday of the Fishing Fleets

PLAICE IN DANGER

What effect had the Great War on the life of fishes in the sea? Did the withdrawal of the fishing fleets lead to a great growth in the population of fishes? We do not know, but an investigation is to be made.

The facts as to one of the most prolific kinds of fish were very disconcerting before the war began, for the plaice was then in evident peril.

If we had 300 adult female plaice in a great sea lake we might next year have some millions of little plaice, for each mother plaice lays 300,000 eggs in a year; yet the plaice, with all this power of carrying on its species, is in danger of disappearing from the list of future food supplies.

Such is the evidence laid before the International Council for the exploration of the sea.

Did the War Help the Fish?

All who fish in the North Sea fisheries had fished too hard down to 1914, and the numbers of plaice decreased so alarmingly that it had become necessary in some countries to prevent the taking of plaice smaller than ten inches, in others to provide safeguarded nurseries for the spawning plaice, and generally to combine for the preservation of this welcome item at table.

The figures are all based on investigations before the war, but what was the effect of the war on the plaice? Did the closing of the greater part of the North Sea for the war bring about a recovery in the numbers of plaice? That is the exciting question which scientists are about to examine.

A Million Eggs from One Fish

It might be thought impossible that we could over-fish the sea, seeing that, next to plants and insects, fishes are the most prolific things in the world. Think of the eggs laid every year by a single fish: Ling, 18 millions; turbot, eight millions; cod, four or five millions; flounder, one million; sole, 500,000; haddock, 450,000; herring, 32,000.

This might suggest that, in the course of a few years, with such a rate of increase, the sea would become solid with fish. But it is because the chance of a fish maturing from any egg is so small that nature endows these creatures with such colossal powers of reproduction. Eggs and young fish form the food of countless swarms of other fish.

Putting Plaice out to Nurse

Myriads of eggs disappear in this way, and as many more may be killed by cold or other accidents. It is estimated that only one or two eggs in a million result in a perfect fish, and from the remainder men, with their great sweeping nets, take heavy toll.

The potential life of the ocean must be protected in some way. We catch baby plaice and put them out to nurse, as it were, on the Dogger Bank and elsewhere, where they have greater freedom, more food, and less danger than nearer shore; and it is proposed that we should extend these nurseries, and fix areas where fish may breed undisturbed. That seems sane enough, but it is found that where edible fish are preserved in this way the fish that prey on them also multiply unchecked and extend their ravages.

The problem is perplexing, and the International Council has been unable yet to agree upon a policy, but they are going to see if the North Sea, after being closed for four years against the fishermen, shows an enormous increase in fish population.

SHAME OF ST. PAUL'S

ENGLISH MURDERED AT NELSON'S TOMB

The Illiterate Men Who Make Common Our Sacred Places

SCANDAL THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED

By a Visitor to London

Can any bishop or deacon explain how it is that many of the men appointed to conduct visitors round our lovely cathedrals cannot speak our language? Oratory, eloquence, rhetoric are cultivated in the pulpit, exquisite singing, and (sometimes) enunciation in the choir, and the noblest music is played on the organ. Preachers, choristers, musicians, discharge their duties to the best of their ability, and pass on.

But the cathedrals abide. They are the foremost glories of our land, the gift to posterity of generations of builders, who wrought with passionate ecstasy, and we inherit their work as we inherit Shakespeare's rich bequest, the richest and rarest sacred treasures we possess. We approach the magnificent fanes with rapture, and experience something of that thrill which animated the pious throng who once flocked by the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury.

Let the Guides Learn English

We need a guide—at any rate, though we do not need one, we are bound to have one, for only by payment and an official's presence may we gain admittance to the most interesting parts of our houses of God. And then it is—now everywhere indeed, but in some cathedrals—that we are disgusted to find ourselves in illiterate hands.

The Zoo and the British Museum furnish guides who are scholars, but in a cathedral a verger, though perfectly respectable and well meaning, may be incapable of using his country's speech, ignorant of grammar and pronunciation.

What must our Oversea kindred think, what must our school children think, what do all of us think on entering, for example, the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral to be told that Nelson lies there between two of his admirals; that a certain statesman distinguished himself in *Hindia*; that certain *eroes* lie in the vicinity of George Cruikshank, the *hartist* and *caricaturist*; that the flags about the tomb of Wellington are the gifts of foreign *harmies*; and that the Wellington funeral carriage "weighs 18 tons weight"?

Where Silence is Golden

The crypt of St. Paul's enshrines some of the most illustrious of our dead. Sir Christopher Wren is there, beneath a tombstone which is badly dilapidated, yet seeming almost to speak to us, when we slip behind the guide, with his agonising English, and stand in silent homage unashamed.

Very precious to us all is that crypt with its tier upon tier of buried dead, an incomparable company of the great. It is a monstrous shame that in this sacred spot of English earth our mother tongue should be so grossly spoken. The Children's Newspaper is ashamed of it, and apologises to all who visit St. Paul's.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS
TREASURE IN HEAVEN

These verses are from the Sermon on the Mount, in the Sixth Chapter of Matthew.

19. Ne vous amassez pas des trésors sur la terre, où la teigne et la rouille détruisent, et où les voleurs percent et dérobent;

20. Mais amassez-vous des trésors dans le ciel, où la teigne et la rouille ne détruisent point, et où les voleurs ne percent ni ne dérobent.

21. Car là où est ton trésor, là aussi sera ton cœur.

LION OF THE HEAVENS

Glory of His Glittering Orbs

SATURN'S SHORT DAY AND LONG YEAR

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The constellation of Leo, the Lion, is rarely such a beautiful spectacle of glittering orbs as now, with Saturn near to the Lion's Heart and Jupiter close to his front paws.

As soon as darkness approaches, anyone facing south and looking upwards may see this splendid array of stars and planets as shown in our diagram, which indicates the most noteworthy. It will be seen that Leo covers a large area of sky, being comparable to that occupied by the Plough, now almost overhead.

Leo is the fifth constellation of the Zodiac, and in the hot days of next August the Sun will be shining on us from among these stars.

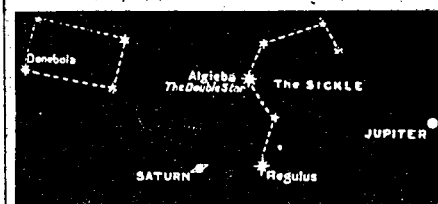
Denebola, a solitary sun, marks the tip of the Lion's tail, while what is popularly known as the Sickle roughly indicates the head and breast. Regulus is near the Lion's heart, while Algiba, or Gamma Leonis, in his mane, is one of the most beautiful stars in the sky.

Year of 25,000 Days

It is composed of two suns, the larger one, a golden hue, while the smaller is of a greenish tint, and revolves around the larger one in about 400 years.

Regulus, the royal star, actually 500 times brighter than our Sun, was described in these columns last May, when Saturn was approaching Regulus from the same side as Jupiter is approaching it now, being about as far to the right of Regulus as he is now to the left, and so showing how much of his orbit Saturn has travelled in a year.

Actually it is a little over a 29th part, so that we can see that it takes about 29½ of our years for Saturn to



Saturn, Jupiter, and Leo

complete one of his years; and for us to see him come back to the same part of the sky. What will happen to us before we see Saturn nearing Regulus again?

A very wonderful state of things must prevail on a planet with such a long year, especially as his day is so short—only 10 hours, 14 minutes long. But there are 25,000 days in Saturn's year, so that we may contemplate its gloriously long summer of over 6000 days! Again, Saturn has a long Polar day of 15 years, followed by the long Polar night of another 15 years, for the planet's axis is tilted like the Earth's, only a little more so—nearly 27 degrees.

Race of the Planets

During the next two months it will be interesting to watch Jupiter gradually approaching Saturn. They will both be travelling to the left, but Jupiter is travelling much faster, at nearly 500 miles a minute compared with Saturn's 360. Moreover, Saturn is much farther from the Earth, being now about 805 million miles away from us, whereas Jupiter is only 460 million miles off.

This, of course, makes him appear to travel still more quickly. At such a vast distance away, the Sun appears to Saturn as only a small disc, one-seventh the width that he appears to us, but still sufficiently powerful to light up the glorious planet, with its rings and its retinue of ten moons, so brightly that we can see them as brilliant objects over 800 million miles away. G. F. M.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 23 The Gold Hunters

WERE the English newcomers friends or foes? That was the problem that bothered Ted.

"Can we work out beyond the fires without being seen?" he whispered to Joy.

The girl put her hand on his mouth, and, gliding in front of him, silently led the way out of the fire square into some jungle grass. Neither of them could see the strange attackers, but after a pause Ted again heard English voices.

"Injuns and jaguars 'ave 'opped it, Sammy, my son," said a new voice. "Keep in the shadows, old man. Them there blow-pipers are sure to be watching us from the trees! Give me the cold shudders, their beastly poison tricks do."

Ted smiled, and came boldly out into the moonlight.

"Friends! Friends!" he shouted. "Don't shoot! Give us a chance!"

"It's a pore kid," said one of the strange voices. "Can't you see him, Bill?"

"Come out, you silly idiots!" cried Ted. "I am an English boy, and I haven't a blow-pipe. There's only this little girl with me."

Joy came out of the jungle grass and took Ted's hand. Naturally, she did not understand what was being said, but the fearless girl queen intended to stand by her brother.

Then, from the fringe of palms, two remarkable figures appeared. One was thin and tall, the other short and broad. Both had faces almost hidden in hair, and wore remnants of English working clothes.

"What are you doing here, kiddies?" said the tall man. "Been carried off by savages?"

"Yes," said Ted. "This little girl helped me to escape, but we have lost our way. I came with the Lanaway expedition, which has got broken up. Have you seen any other Englishmen by the river?"

"Didn't know there was a river, sonny," said the shorter man. "We have worked up from Paraguay, with some niggers and half-breeds."

Ted listened, with increasing interest, to the story of his new companions. They were stokers on a beef ship, trading between Liverpool and the Paraguay stockyards. Smarting under some injustice from the engineer, they had deserted when the great war was over, and worked on river steamers until a Gaucho told them there was a fortune to be got in the Brazilian highlands.

"You see, sonny," said Bill Manders, who was the taller of the two good-natured vagabonds, "there is some kind of city of gold hidden in this awful forest—gold in millions and millions. But all we've found is fevers and flies and beastly savage Injuns."

"I know some of them are very savage," replied Ted. "They've tried to shoot me, and they've tried to poison me, but this little Indian girl saved me, and we ran away together."

CHAPTER 24

Sam's Dream Comes True

THEY reached the men's camp and rested there till late in the morning. The men then held a palaver. Great was the disappointment that Sam and Bill had only discovered more wild Indians.

All the half-breeds and negroes lost heart, and, deciding that the Golden City was a legend, resolved to return to the Paraguay and go back to work there.

Ted earnestly begged the two seamen to stay with him and Joy, and work northward to the Lanaway exploring party. It was a geographical expedition, he explained, seeking out new rivers to put on the map.

Not a hint did the boy give of the existence of the Golden City or of the queenly power of Joy.

"Well, kiddie," said Bill, after the meeting had broken up, and the black, brown and red members were collecting their share of the equipment, "Sam and me are going to trust to you, and take you back to your father. Isn't that so, Sam?"

Mr. Samuel Trotter, short, plump, and fly-bitten, never talked much. His idea was to keep smoking native tobacco all day long, so that insects should not bite him.

Holding his pipe in the right hand, he patted Ted with the left, and surprised his partner by an outburst of eloquence.

"No more beef ships for me. No more Paraguay or La Plata. This kind of life suits me, 'exceptin' for the flies and 'squitoes."

"I know somebody who can keep the flies from biting you," said Ted.

"He's the man I want to meet, then," said Sam. "Let these here dagos and niggers clear out, and we'll trek north with you and the little maid."

When the camp equipment was divided Ted got a revolver and nearly a hundred cartridges.

The camp broke up in a friendly way, and, after the coloured men left, Joy became the leader of the little new expedition, and resumed her roundabout march to the city.

But Bill and Sam would not take to the trees. Sam was terrified at the idea, and, though Bill was less violent in his language, he was equally against Joy's proposal.

"We're not monkeys, sonny," he explained to Ted, "but only men. We ain't got no tails to swing above the ground."

The men found the track of a wild beast on the eastern side of Jaguar Lake, and, having each a compass, they were able roughly to work in the way Joy wanted to go.

When evening came she would not allow a fire to be made, but appeared Sam by bringing him some leaves and rubbing his face, neck, and arms with them. Bill was also treated in the same manner. Neither of the men was troubled any more by insect bites. Then Ted told the Englishmen all his adventures in the Golden City.

Sam's pipe went out as he listened to the tale, and Bill's mouth remained so long wide open that some mosquitoes entered it.

"So it's all true," spluttered Bill, when he had cleared his mouth. "Golden cities, Indian queens, and armies that haven't got one shot-gun among them!"

"You see, Bill," Sam burst out, "there's naval officers with motor-boats and machine-guns on the front, and us with a couple of rifles and a revolver on the other front of advance, looking after a real queen. Between these here forces is an army of savages. Oh, you blessed kids! This is better than living in the stokehole of a beef ship!"

"Want to sleep tonight, Sam?" remarked Manders.

"Could go without sleep for a week," replied his mate. "Tell the little queen we'll march till we drop, sonny."

Ted always interpreted the English talk to the girl queen, and Joy was so delighted with her rough, but kindly, escort that she set herself to pick up useful words they could understand.

CHAPTER 25

Attacked by Friend and Foe

FOR some time Bill and Sam scouted before their young companions, working forward slowly and cautiously, and using flashes of the electric torch. Big cats and big snakes, waiting to drop from the branches, were the chief source of danger to them,

while Joy and Ted feared most the poison serpents.

As the young couple had neither boots nor leggings, travelling on ground was more painful and perilous to them than climbing the trees. Every spine they struck against in the darkness might have been a living fang.

"If we had time," said Joy, "I could make foot and leg coverings from some tough leaves, but it would take me nearly a day to weave them."

"We cannot wait, Joy!" exclaimed Ted. "If Ollantay attacks and takes the city before you come, all will be lost. Let us travel in our old way and leave them to walk below."

So the climbers went up the lianas, and followed the electric flashes below. This led to another complication. Samuel Trotter completely lost his habit of silence.

"He has a voice like a jaguar," complained Joy. "He can be heard a hundred arrow flights away."

The end came when a sunken stream was reached. Joy knew the watercourse. It was one that led close to the Golden City, and was kept clear of fallen timber. She was leading Ted down, intending to build

up his gun. Ted rushed to Bill, and told that excited stoker he was shooting friends.

Once more Joy gave the royal call, standing by Ted, Bill, and Sam. An Inca captain appeared, ready to charge with his spear to rescue his royal mistress.

"It was a mistake!" cried Joy. "These are my friends. They have rescued me. Call the canoes and take us to the palace."

"I cannot," said the captain. "There is fighting all round the city. We were put here to stop Ollantay's men using the stream."

Joy stood for a moment thinking what to do.

"What does the beggar say?" said Sam.

"We cannot go to the Golden City because the savages are attacking it."

"More reason for us to go, and go quickly," said the seaman, whose fighting blood was up. "Two good rifles and a little revolver would be very useful."

As Ted was explaining this proposal to Joy and her captain, the matter decided itself. Trumpet after trumpet rang out.

Some of the tribesmen climbed



"What are you doing here, kiddies?" said the tall man

a raft, and float quietly out to the big river.

Sam was calling out his discovery of the water, and Joy was dropping down hand over hand to silence him, when once more Bill's rifle rang out.

"Savages!" he yelled.

"Keep up in the trees, kids," called Sam, in turn. "I'll stand them off this way."

Then his rifle spoke.

"No speaking," said Joy to her companion. "Stay here while I look. Do you know the toucan call, brother?"

Ted gave it softly.

"I will call like that if I want you, and you call like that if you want me," said Joy as she vanished into the sombre foliage.

She was scarcely gone a minute.

"Down to those two madmen—quickly!" she exclaimed.

Before she dropped she threw back her hair, and sent out a long, trembling flute note. Then from a hundred points near by the note was repeated. It was a call the Incas used when hunting and out of touch with their men. Every tribesman within hearing knew that his queen was present.

Reaching the ground, Joy took Sam by the arm and made him hold

up the vine ladders, and sought for a good view of the ground of approach, and put darts into their long blow-pipes. Others crouched with axe and spear in the shadows. Joy climbed up a trunk by the stream, and prepared to use her little blow-pipe. Ted, as usual, sat beside her with his revolver ready, and Sam and Bill stretched themselves on the ground below, one covering the track and the other the waterway.

Shout after shout told that Ollantay's men were attacking.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is the D.C.M.? The D.C.M. is the Distinguished Conduct Medal, conferred upon non-commissioned officers and men for services in action.

What does £. s. d. mean? The letters £. s. d. are the initials of the Latin words librae, solidi, denarii, which mean pounds, shillings, pence.

What is a Chargé d'Affaires? A chargé d'affaires is the official in charge of diplomatic business in the absence of an ambassador or minister. He ranks below these officers in dignity.

Five-Minute Story

THE MAKING OF GERALD

GERALD LORIMER lay, face downward, among the grass. There was a fall of at least one hundred and fifty feet from where he lay to the bay below.

A little way out a ship lay at anchor. Gerald could see the men aboard lowering a boat into the water. He watched them curiously, and wondered where they might be going.

This was soon made apparent to him, as the boat's head was pointed directly at the bay below the cliffs on which he lay.

Gerald had come down to this part of the coast of North Devon with his mother, a widow, whose only son he was.

He was a tall, thin boy of fifteen, and Mrs. Lorimer had brought him to Croude, a little village facing the Atlantic, to see whether the western breezes might bring health to the lad.

The ships and the sea were an eternal delight to Gerald, who had read many books about far-off countries beyond the horizon.

How fine it would be, he thought, to stand on deck and watch the white minarets and golden domes of Eastern cities rise up out of the sea! How fine to visit Barbados, and the haunts of the pirates of bygone days! To round the Horn in a blizzard, or sail, as Drake sailed, through the Magellan Straits into the wide Pacific.

As he lay dreaming the boat drew nearer, until she grounded on the sandy beach below.

Gerald, with some curiosity, watched the men leave the boat and begin to hunt among the rocks as if seeking for something.

"Crabs or shellfish of some kind," he thought, and he leaned a little farther over to observe them more closely.

As he did so the edge of the cliff crumbled, and he felt himself falling downwards.

He knew nothing more until he awakened some six or eight hours later, to find himself lying in a bunk on board a ship. A weather-beaten, but kindly, face leaned over him.

"Feeling better now, boy?" The face smiled down at him.

"Yes, thank you."

"Wondering how you got here, aren't you?" the voice went on.

"Yes."

"Well, you were quite insensible when we picked you up, and as there was no time to spare we didn't know what to do with you, so we brought you aboard. It's a wonder you didn't kill yourself falling down that there cliff."

"Mother will think I'm drowned," said Gerald faintly.

"We'll let her know you are safe when we touch at Rio."

"At Rio!" gasped Gerald.

Six months later a strong, healthy boy, ruddy, clear-eyed, and bronzed to a dark mahogany colour, threw his arms round an astonished Mrs. Lorimer.

"Don't you know me, mother?" he said.



Even the Desert Shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose



Dr. MERRYMAN

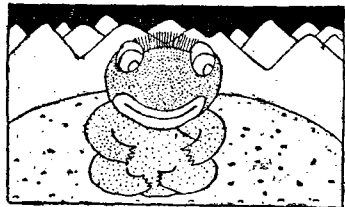
"I CAN'T imagine what's the matter with me, Doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself."

"Ah! You must stop worrying over trifles."

What is Memory?

A GIRL who was asked, "What is memory?" replied, "It is the thing you forget with."

The Zoo That Never Was



The Spotted Sloam

WHAT'S this? It is a Spotted Sloam.

I've never caught one yet, But if I do I'll take it home And keep it for a pet.

The Alphabet in a Sentence

WE recently published a sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet. A number of readers have sent others, among which are the following:

A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

Zeal for knowledge very quickly brings the excellence that promotes joy.

Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

Go, lazy, fat vixen, be shrewd, jump quick.

"I WOKE up last night with a terrible sensation that my watch was gone. The impression was so strong that I got up and looked," said Brown.

"Well, was it gone?" asked Jones.

"No," replied Brown; "but it was going."

The Arab and His Ass

AN Arab came to the river-side With a donkey bearing an obelisk,

But he did not venture to ford the tide,

For he had too good an *.

So he camped all night by that river-side,

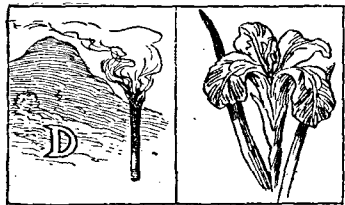
Secure till the tide had ceased to swell,

For he knew that, whenever the donkey died,

No other could be its *.

Key next week

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are? Answer next week

The Girton Girl

A man wrote this verse, and a Girton girl answered it with a verse using exactly the same words and no more. What was her answer?

'Tis an absurdity to say

Women should try for a B.A., To college honours forward looking; They'd best confine themselves to cooking.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Walford?

WALFORD, like many other surnames, is simply the name of a place, and your ancestor who lived there was known first as John or William of Walford, and then John Walford.

The word as the name of a place means "the wall or well by the ford," and described a feature of the locality.

THERE once was a Normandy shrimp

Who ran with so dainty a limp

It became quite a passion

With people of fashion

To walk like that salt-water imp.

Twelve Different Ways of Saying the Same Thing

1. The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
2. The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
3. The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
4. The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
5. Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.
6. Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.
7. Weary, the homeward ploughman plods his way.
8. Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
9. Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
10. Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
11. The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way.
12. The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.



Tweddledum and Tweddledee

Arithmetical Puzzle

CAN you represent the numbers 10, 11, 12, and 13 by writing four fives in each case, using in addition only the ordinary arithmetical signs? Answer next week

The Weather

WHEN the weather is wet, We must not fret;

When the weather is dry,

We must not cry;

When the weather is cold,

We must not scold;

When the weather is warm,

We must not storm;

But be thankful together,

Whatever the weather.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Word Puzzle One Word

The Goose Buyer

B bought 25 geese at 5s. each, and proposed to sell 20 of them at 6s. 3d.

Puzzle Rhyme

Little Miss Netticoat in a white petticoat and a red nose; The longer she stands the shorter she grows.

The Puzzle of the Four Rooms

The total presents in the two pairs of rooms referred to in the puzzle in No. 52 of the C.N. were 40 and 42, not 50 and 52. $5 \times 4 \text{ twice} = 40$. $6 \times 5 \text{ and } 4 \times 3 = 42$

Jacko in London

MOTHER JACKO went out one morning into the garden, where Jacko was mending his bicycle, and called to him to come in.

He came in, stamping, and bringing half the garden on his boots with him, and his mother said:

"I want to send a basket of eggs to poor old Susan, who lives in London. Do you think you could find your way there?"

Did he think! Jacko nearly exploded at the insult.

"Well, you had better be off at once," his mother said.



Down he sat in the middle of the eggs

And, because he hadn't been quite as bad as he could be lately, she gave him sixpence, as well as his railway fare, to see the Pictures.

Jacko gave a delighted war-whoop, and, without waiting to wash his dirty hands, he caught up the basket and ran off down the garden path.

"He'll smash those eggs if he's not careful!" cried Mrs. Jacko. "And, horrors! what a mess he's made of my nice clean kitchen!"

But Jacko was half-way to the station by this time, and an hour later he was in London.

He ran across one platform on to another, where he waited for the Underground train.

"My word! What a crowd!" he exclaimed.

But he wasn't going to be left behind. He fought his way with the rest of them, and he fought so hard that he butted into an old gentleman, who roared at him to mind what he was about.

Jacko grinned cheerfully, darted between the legs of a lanky youth, and collapsed into a seat with the basket on his knees.

"Golly!" he muttered, mopping his brow. "Wanted some doing, that did!" And he glanced down at his basket. "Not one of 'em broken, either! You're a bright lad, Jacko!"

Just then the train started, and the people who were standing in a row all down the car lurched forward, and grabbed the straps over their heads.

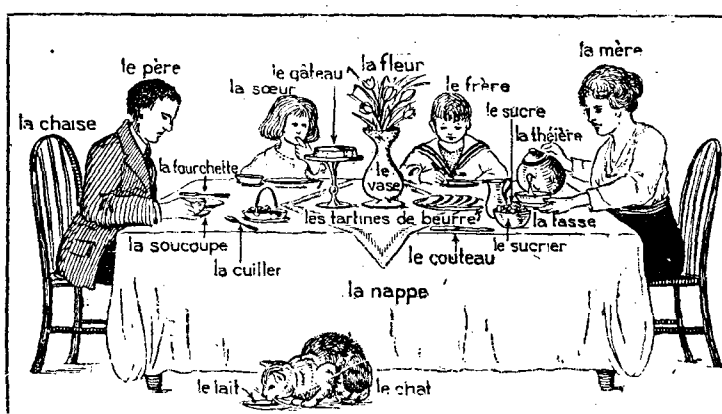
"Strap-hangers!" said Jacko to himself. "I'd like to do that!" And aloud he said to the man in front of him:

"Take my seat, sir!" If only his mother could have heard him!

He jumped up, reached for the strap, and missed it. The train swayed. And so did Jacko!

"Help!" he cried. And down he sat in the middle of the eggs!

La Table



The Table

This picture will enable you to learn easily the words for mother, father, flower, cake, sister, brother, sugar, chair, tea-pot, fork, vase, bread-and-butter, cup, saucer, sugar-basin, knife, spoon, table-cloth, milk, cat.

Who Was He?

The Portrait Painter

NEARLY 150 years ago an inn-keeper at Devizes who had 16 children found that his youngest child, a boy of six, was clever at portrait drawing.

The father was a queer character, being without much business ability, but with a firm conviction that he was a great poet. He used to inflict his poems on his customers, and he also introduced his young son to them and insisted that they should have their portraits drawn by him.

The boy was a genius, and his ideas of art were entirely his own.

The family moved about a good deal, living at one time in Bath and at another in Oxford, and everywhere the boy was regarded as a prodigy, and was able to earn a good deal of money by his crayon portraits.

His father now began to exploit him, and for six years the boy was the sole support of the family, attracting the attention of many influential people. One wealthy gentleman offered to pay the expenses of a long visit to Rome, but the father would not allow the boy to go.

All the schooling the boy had was for two years before he was eight; nevertheless he became a cultured gentleman, and moved in the highest social circles.

By the age of thirteen he had become the most popular portrait painter in England, yet he was very modest, knew his own limitations, and desired to study.

Five years later he moved to London with his parents, and called upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was very kind to him.

His success became assured, and when Sir Joshua died the young artist was appointed his successor as painter to the king. The Society of Arts voted him their prize of five guineas and a silver palette, which in cases of special merit had a gilt border. On this occasion the society had the whole palette gilded to show their appreciation.

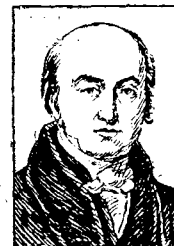
He went from honour to honour. Kings and princes had their portraits painted by him, and at 46 he was knighted. He was also made a knight of the French Legion of Honour, and was at last elected President of the Royal Academy.

His death occurred suddenly in January, 1830, and he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It has been said that Art presents no parallel to the degree of excellence attained so rapidly and so exclusively without instruction by this painter, and a hostile critic declared that he painted eyes better than Titian.

Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Madame Roland



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

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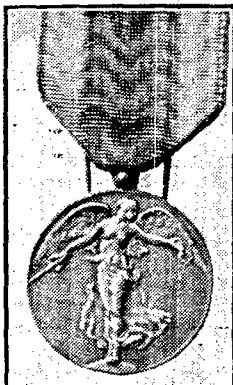
NEW LINER DRIVEN BY OIL · CHURCH ON WHEELS · POCKET WIRELESS STATION



Boy hero—Charles Gardner, of Norwich, who gallantly rescued another boy from drowning



Breakfast time at the London Zoo. Leo, the new lion cub from the Sudan, taking his morning milk



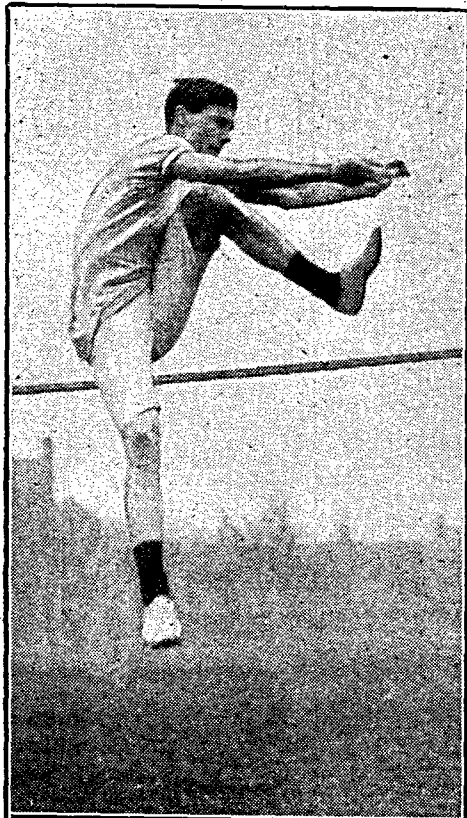
The Victory Medal, to be given to all Allied soldiers who fought



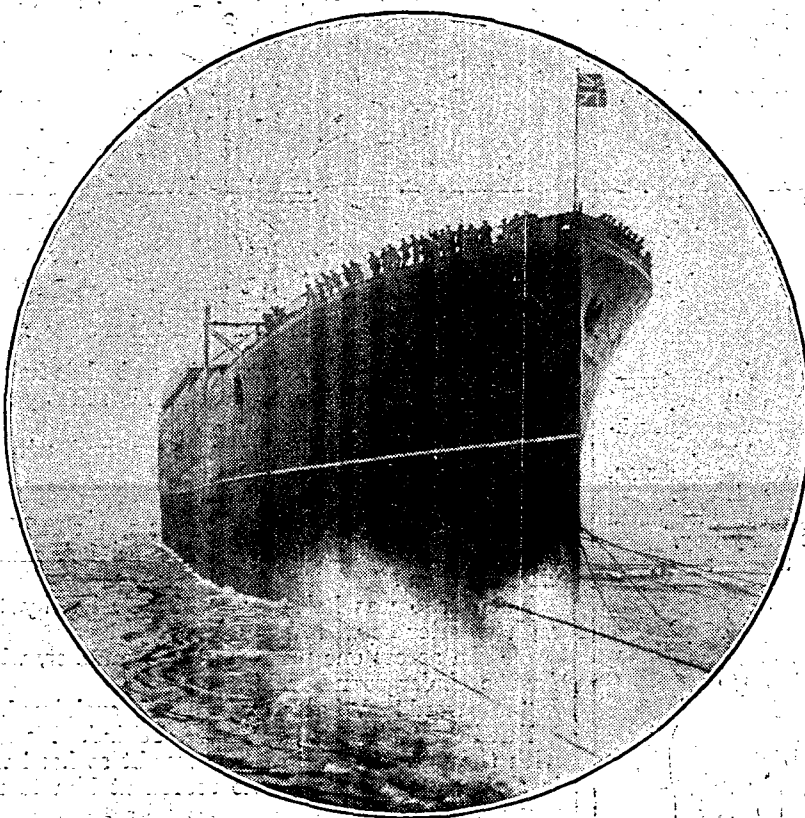
New arrival at the Edinburgh Zoo—The baby camel, which has just been born, with its mother



A musical genius—Rene Porquet, a wonderful seven-year-old boy, who can play the finest music after hearing it once



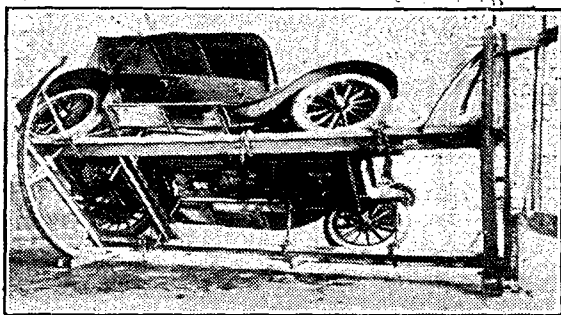
A high jump—G. D. Blake making the high jump in fine style at the annual sports of St. Paul's School



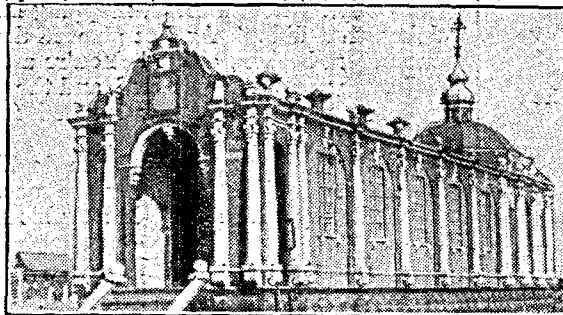
Monster liner driven by oil—The new giant 27,000 ton Cunarder, Scythia, being launched at Barrow. She is 625 feet long, and will use no coal



Champion schoolboy athlete—Harold Renshaw, who won six events at the Woking County School Sports



The garage made easy—A tilting device which turns a motor-car at any angle, so that the mechanic no longer has to crawl under it



A church on wheels—This church, which runs on the railway, followed the Rumanian army during its invasion of Hungary



Lady chauffeurs in Japan—These girls, who are driving motor-buses in Tokio, are the first native female chauffeurs to be seen in the East



A wireless station in your pocket. Listening to a message by means of a pocket set. See page seven



Fighting a typhoon in the Pacific—Sailors holding on to a rope for dear life, during a voyage from Manila to San Francisco, when the sails of their ship were torn to ribbons



The Princess among the poor—Princess Mary visits the cripples at Fairlight Hall, the Tooting home of the Shaftesbury Society